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THE NATION

MARCH 25, 1968 35 cents

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LETTERS

knowing the school

San Francisco, Calif.

DEAR SIRs: As a long-time subscriber and lover of *The Nation* and a long-time faculty member at San Francisco State, I'm irritated by the long letter signed by Richard Fitzgerald and Anatole Anton in the Feb. 19 issue.

Our college has received considerable national and even international attention in recent months and much of the press coverage has been inaccurate. However, the writers you have selected to cover us—Shover, Windmiller and finally David Swanston, have a record of liberal achievement on this campus and they are all able writers who know the scene. Anatole Anton and Richard Fitzgerald are not listed in the current bulletins and catalogues, have no record that we know about except disruption this past semester and miss the boat in so many ways in their letter that it would take pages to refute their *mystique*.

Because of their lack of history and knowledge of the campus they may deem the quality of radical leadership at the college as "very high." Swanston, as a former editor of our daily college paper and now a reporter on the *San Francisco Chronicle* with Berkeley as his beat, knows that the quality of FSM leadership and the present UC student radicals put us to shame. It is tragic for us that our radicals cannot discriminate between the cold warriors and the hot progressives as their enemies.

Kay Boyle, who knows the scene here and still spends much of her time in jail for persistent peace activity, is right: "The Swanston piece . . . is the one really accurate piece of reporting and speculation. . . . It is a fine and just report."

Jerrold L. Werthimer

tasks for the intellectual

Naperville, Ill.

DEAR SIRs: Dr. Nettl's description of the intellectual ["Are Intellectuals Obsolete?"; *The Nation*, Mar. 4] as a man with universal concerns, absorbed with the quality of life and dedicated to a socio-political role is superb, but it would be helpful to be more definitive. What are the universal values of the intellectual? What qualities of life should concern him? What socio-political role must he play?

The questions I pose are not impossible. Indeed, they are imperative. We live in a technological culture which is trying to make universals out of speed and efficiency and productivity, and science has been prostituted to this effort. . . .

The genuine task of the intellectual is twofold. He must engage in a serious attempt to evaluate the values of our technological civilization, and he must commit himself to the preservation of the values which undergird a humanist world community. The universals to which I refer are the values upon which science is founded: truth, the use of reason as a means thereto, and freedom. There may be no objective reason why a person should prefer truth to falsehood, reason to irrationalism or freedom to slavery, but there can be little doubt that if we remain ethically neutral when truth is aborted, reason neglected and freedom violated, humanity has suffered a setback. Let no one think of this struggle in terms of the so-called "East-West conflict." The problem is inherent in Western industrialism. . . .

Only the intellectual can comprehend the magnitude of the human predicament and provide the leadership sorely needed. Until intellectuals do comprehend and act, we are at the mercy of the bureaucratic social engineers, the trained military killers, the mindless nationalistic politicians and their hirelings. . . .

Rev. Eugene Wm. Kreves

EDITORIALS

McCarthy's Victory

Senator McCarthy has scored a stunning victory in New Hampshire. Not only did he receive a higher percentage of the Democratic vote than even his backers anticipated (42 per cent) but he actually managed to walk off with twenty of the state's twenty-four delegates (because of a surplus of pro-Johnson candidates; there were forty-five of them for the twenty-four openings). When the campaign began, McCarthy was almost unknown in the state, and President Johnson had every advantage, including the support of the local Democratic officials. Under these circumstances, McCarthy's victory is truly impressive. It will add momentum to the primary campaigns in Wisconsin and California where his prospects, even before March 12, seemed brighter than they did in New Hampshire. It will give a real lift to the pro-McCarthy amateurs, notably the young college students who added so much color and interest to the campaign. They may not have been a major factor in the outcome, but their activities, widely and favorably reported by the mass media, have greatly stimulated national interest in McCarthy's candidacy. To be sure, he got help from two serious mistakes on the part of the Johnson forces: they sent out pre-election pledge cards in violation of the spirit if not the letter of the election laws and at the last minute they tried to apply the smear tactics of Joe McCarthy to Eugene McCarthy. Both moves backfired; even some of the President's supporters took exception to them.

The vote was also a tribute to Senator McCarthy's talents as a campaigner. *The Nation* has felt from the start that the Senator's manner of campaigning has more to commend it than some of his friendly critics are prepared to concede. But then we had occasion to measure the effectiveness of his personal political style at the Nation Institute Conference last year (February 25) in Los Angeles and so were prepared to believe that the enthusiasm he aroused then was a measure of the reception he might expect elsewhere. The notion that he is too "professorial," theoretical and restrained is another mass-media cliché that was concocted long before it could be put to the test.

But it has been the dramatic shift in sentiment against the war since the Tet offensive that more than anything else accounts for Senator McCarthy's fine showing. We had occasion last year to commend Sen. George McGovern (D., S. Dak.), who also appeared at the Nation Institute Conference, for his remarkable courage in taking a strong stand against the war. At that time we suggested ("Speaking Out," May 8, 1967) that not only had he taken the correct position but that it would probably turn out to be good practical politics. And so it has. Since the Tet offensive, support for Senator McGovern has shown a sharp increase. The latest report of the usually reliable South Dakota poll shows Senator McGovern leading Gov. Nils A. Boe, who is his likely Republican opponent, by a 71 to 24 margin. This is a truly remarkable lead for a Democrat incumbent in a largely Republican state.

Now that the President's vulnerability has been demonstrated—now that the deep division within the Democratic Party has been revealed on the issue of the war and on Johnson ("There is a feeling," Senator McCarthy notes in one of his most perceptive understatement, that "the President doesn't really represent what America stands for"), Senator Kennedy has decided, as we suggested he might, to add his challenge to that of McCarthy's. In general, this is a good move; it will insure an assault in strength on Johnson-Humphrey and it will redouble pressure on Johnson to stand aside. It will also, by indirection aid Rockefeller; the wheel horses of the GOP will not relish the prospect of a Kennedy-Nixon campaign, even with a "new" Nixon and a different Kennedy. But as we see it, Senator Kennedy should not enter the primaries; on the contrary he should support McCarthy. He can do so on the theory, which is sound, that their joint task at the moment is to maximize the opposition to Johnson. Between now and the convention, Kennedy can make his major contribution by lining up delegates from the non-primary states and by helping McCarthy in the states that will be holding primary elections. The campaign may well shape up as a repeat of the 1952 campaign in which Kefauver's remarkable showing in the primaries was a factor in President Truman's decision not to seek re-election, but when Stevenson, not Kefauver, gained the nomination. Let the delegates at Chicago choose between Kennedy and McCarthy if it comes to that; the decision will rest with them in any case. But there should be no split or division in the anti-Johnson forces. A great deal can and will happen between now and the convention; the immediate task is to keep the anti-Johnson elements moving in the same direction. Whatever happens, the country owes a round of thanks to Senator McCarthy who has managed to set the political system in motion. Suddenly it is spring, and a flood of political energies will now find release, thanks to his courage and initiative and imagination.

Double Stalemate

In an editorial, "An Appeal to the President" (*The Nation*, March 11), we echoed Sen. Thruston B. Morton's suggestion that, for the good of the country, Mr. Johnson should not seek re-election. The idea may have sounded quixotic; in reality, it was and is a sober political proposal. As far as mortal wit can tell, and whatever may be the case with Governor Rockefeller, or Sen. Robert Kennedy, or Senator McCarthy, President Johnson has no solution for resolving the fundamental problem afflicting the country—the Vietnamese War. That American policy faces crisis in Vietnam is now almost universally conceded. The dropouts multiply, the disaffection spreads. *Newsweek* threw in the towel this week, *Time* may follow with the next issue or the one following. (If it isn't pondering such a move, it isn't living up to its name.)

Everyone of mature political sense now sees our dilemma: we can't apply our power except at a price which we, as a predominantly sane nation, are not prepared to pay, either on our own behalf or that of our South Vietnamese wards. The basis on which we are willing to

THE NATION/March 25, 1968

IN THIS ISSUE

March 25, 1968

EDITORIALS

394

ARTICLES

398 Next Stop, Wisconsin

John Patrick Hunter

400 The Counter Culture: Part 1
Youth and the Great Refusal

Theodore Roszak

407 Vietnam Analogy:
Greece, Not Munich

Arno J. Mayer

410 Orphans of Empire:
A Bad Day in Commons

Richard Blumenthal

BOOKS & THE ARTS

413 The National Book Awards

414 On Pablo Neruda

Robert Bly

417 Lies (poem)

Robert Bly

418 A Sadness for America

Paul Zweig

420 Theatre

Harold Clurman

421 Films

Robert Hatch

422 Art

Max Kozloff

423 Crossword Puzzle

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The *Nation* is published weekly (except biweekly in July and August) by the Nation Magazine Company and copyright 1968 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014. Tel: CH 2-8400. West Coast office (for editorial correspondence only): 1256 Westwood Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing office.

Subscription Price: One year, \$10; two years, \$18. Add \$1 for Canadian postage; \$2 for foreign postage.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give five weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Information to Libraries: The *Nation* is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION

Volume 206
No. 13

395

negotiate is not and will never be acceptable to the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese. Our involvement rises, our strength wanes, the pacification program is moribund, and the people of the United States are divided as never before in a time of national travail. The national crisis is mirrored by the personal crisis Lyndon B. Johnson faces in this election year. In any direction he looks, he is stymied. He can let the stalemate continue, but politically that is impossible except as a short-term stalling maneuver. He can escalate yet once more, raising the casualty lists (the Russians will match him weapon for weapon) and bringing us closer to World War III.

But there is a way out of both stalemates: he could decide not to seek re-election and thus create the circumstances which might make it possible to negotiate a settlement. The President is so heavily committed to a military solution that at this late date his options are narrowly limited. It is his candidacy that divides and will continue to divide his party and the nation. Sensing the situation, as no doubt he does, he should stand aside. If Richard Nixon is nominated, it is conceivable that he might defeat Johnson. That would be a climactic humiliation for the President and might well be catastrophic for the country. A brighter outlook would be the Republican nomination of Nelson Rockefeller and that would be more likely if the President were to step down. As matters stand, the Republicans, who are eager to win, feel that even Nixon can beat Johnson. If the President withdraws, his action would have been relatively selfless, and he would have the satisfaction of knowing that he had given his party a chance to unite under new leadership and perhaps even to go on to win the election. History will look on him more benignly, and his pride will suffer far less, if he decides to follow the example of President Truman and not seek re-election.

The Complete Demagogue

It may go against the grain, but let us give Richard Nixon his due. He is a remarkable political figure, with the resilience of a tennis ball and also some of its flight characteristics. The astonishing way in which this man has rebounded from the humiliations of 1960—when Dwight D. Eisenhower nearly jettisoned him—and 1962, when after defeat in California he took out his rage on the press, is proof that he is a phenomenon even among politicians of his type.

In contrast to those dark days, he is now a model of equanimity; he even looks better. Credit for this must be given to his TV make-up and the cosmetics industry in general. His move to New York and his \$200,000 income, from a law practice for which he manages somehow to find time, have had a very good outward effect. Inside his head, where his political thoughts swirl, he is of course the same old Nixon. New Hampshire gave ample, if unneeded proof.

The marks of a demagogue are many, but the principal ones are an appeal to the emotions, the lower the better; a contempt for consistency—which also implies a contempt for the voters—and reckless promises so worded that they will sound plausible to the inexperienced.

Drawing on the last, the new Nixon used a maneuver which had worked when Ike tried it: he promised to "end the war." He gave no details and ignored the differences between Vietnam and Korea, as well as those between Eisenhower and himself. Moving in the same direction, he suggested that the draft might be eliminated. This was smart. Opinion from moderate to left opposes the draft, and for their own reasons the right wing of the Republican Party and the so-called new conservatives are also against it. Nixon's comments on the report of the President's commission on civil disorders were sure-fire with the bulk of the good, solid, property-owning middle class; in any case he has no hope of making serious inroads on the Negro vote.

The appearance of being "against the war" was coupled with statements implying the contrary. Naturally this was a bit confusing, but sowing confusion is one of the prime requisites of success in the demagogue business. When asked just how he would end the war, Nixon came up with the most impudent of all his ploys—that since he may well be the next President of the United States, it would not behoove him to say what his plans were at this time. New Hampshire voters are a smart lot on the whole, but the ones who swallowed that excuse must be at the lower end of the intelligence curve.

There is no comfort in the fact that, being a complete opportunist as well as a complete demagogue, and sensing the mounting feeling against the war, Nixon might wind up a dove, or at least a hawk in dove feathers. Lyndon B. Johnson looked as though he might be trusted in 1964; Richard M. Nixon lacks even the appearance.

Disaffection in the Senate

The publicly televised hearings of 1966 were the first serious effort by the Senate—specifically the Senate Foreign Relations Committee—to get back into the act, to recapture some of the power and assume some of the responsibility it had abdicated over a period of twenty years or more. This year it has insisted that Secretary Rusk appear publicly. He has refused—until now. Last week's hearings were far more effective than those of 1966. The Senate is rebelling; the debate that preceded the hearings showed it. The hearings were a good thing per se, in terms of the balance between the Executive and the legislative branches, and because they conveyed to the public the Senate's deep uneasiness and concern.

More specifically, on the Gulf of Tonkin question, Senator Morse was devastating. What he said was a brilliant vindication of the position he and Senator Gruening have held right along. Rusk did not attempt to reply. He simply said that the record was available and anyone could read it and make his own judgment.

Senator Cooper tried to get an answer to what was really meant by "negotiation," the San Antonio formula, etc., but Secretary Rusk was evasive. Yet his very evasiveness underscored the fact that, despite what it says, the Administration is not willing to withdraw American troops from Vietnam because it knows that the Saigon government would fall flat on its face as soon as they left.

There is merit in what Morse and *The Nation* have said

in the past, namely, why not take the issue to the Security Council, with a promise in advance to be bound by the results? The Birchites would howl; well, let them. If the Security Council refused to act, take it to the General Assembly. The familiar argument on the other side is that North Vietnam, China and North Korea are not members. But, as Morse pointed out, the Charter imposes an obligation on the UN to try to maintain the peace of the world, and is quite clear on the point that the UN's activities can extend to situations in which one of the parties is not a member. Whether or not the Security Council members like such a procedure is irrelevant. They are not at the UN for their material or psychological comfort, but to make an honest effort to preserve the peace.

There remain serious tactical weaknesses in the critics' position. They still hesitate, for example, to say in so many words that containment will not work in Asia because the conditions are quite unlike those in Europe. They still have not thought very deeply or clearly about so-called wars of national liberation or about revolutionary wars in general. They are still unable to see that it is the failure of American policy toward China which has been largely responsible for both the Korean War and the present war in Vietnam. But disaffection is mounting in the Senate and in the House and there will be further encounters.

From the public's point of view the hearings were a success and N.B.C. is to be commended for televising them. The confrontation was vivid and dramatic. Some of the commentators contend that the exchange failed to move either side; the divergence of views remained. But this assessment does not take into account the impact on the large audience that watched the hearings. What the hearings did was to dramatize the depth and intensity of the opposition to the Administration's handling of the crisis and the extent to which the legislative committee is ranged against the Executive. Of the committee members, only Lausche, Dodd and Sparkman could be fairly listed as Administration supporters.

Afterthoughts on Orangeburg

The Deep South remains deep, and one needn't go as far as the Gulf of Mexico to be convinced of it. By the "incident" of February 8 at Orangeburg, South Carolina has put in a strong bid for the "white supremacy" championship partly relinquished by a somewhat chastened Mississippi. No other paper has done a better job on the confusing events at Orangeburg than the *Los Angeles Times*, and no other reporter has made a more thorough and impartial investigation than Jack Nelson, whose summation appeared on February 18—ten days after the killing of three Negro students and the wounding by gunfire of at least twenty-five others. Nelson had time to interview everyone who had anything to tell and to put the evidence together coherently. The only tenable conclusion is that some of the state police disgraced themselves and that Gov. Robert E. McNair disgraced both himself and his state by putting up a blanket defense of their actions.

The trouble began when black students from South Carolina State College and adjacent Claflin College were

barred from a local bowling alley. As a result, disorder erupted on the night of February 5. The next night the students tried again to enter the bowling alley and were beaten back by local police. Seven coeds were among those clubbed—Southern chivalry remains lily-white. The night of February 7 produced further premonitory trouble, and the authorities made preparations for what civil rights leaders quite accurately call the "massacre" of February 8.

Early that evening some random shots of unknown origin were fired on the South Carolina State campus, but these had nothing to do with what followed, except perhaps to make the more nervous of the state troopers still more jittery. Some 100 students built a bonfire on U.S. 601, by way of protest and self-assertion. Firemen put out this blaze and apparently were not molested, but the 100 students then found themselves facing about fifty state troopers armed with shotguns and automatic weapons, and backed up by about forty-five National Guardsmen and some local police. Sticks, stones and miscellaneous missiles were thrown, and a trooper named D. W. Shealey was struck in the mouth. An Associated Press photographer, Dozier Mobley, relates what followed. Some of the state police thought Shealey had been shot and they "panicked." Mobley says: "I was surprised and disappointed. They lost their composure. They were running around and shouting and hollering. It was bad."

It was bad, all right. Six or eight of these officers fired three or four rounds apiece at close range. They fatally injured a college freshman, a sophomore, and an Orangeburg High School student, each 18 years old. A TV crew member covering the scene also said that six, eight, or at most ten state troopers "panicked." According to some student witnesses, the sophomore who later died was struck with a gun butt and billy clubs as he was being dragged out of the way. He gasped, "You can hit me, but you can't hurt me no more."

The most significant piece of evidence is that none of the Guardsmen, none of the local police, and only a few of the state troopers did any shooting. Further mute evidence is offered by the fact that sixteen of the twenty-eight students who were shot, including two of the three who were killed, were hit in the back. There was no need for shooting. Those who did it had lost their nerve. They were guilty of manslaughter.

Governor McNair's explanation is that the officers fired "spontaneously," believing their lives were threatened when one of their detachment was struck by a hand-thrown missile. The character of the Governor's representative, a lawyer named Henry Lake, may be judged by the fact that he referred to a former student, Cleveland Sellers, a SNCC organizer, as "the main man. He's the biggest nigger in the crowd." Sellers, the only person arrested on the night of the massacre, was charged with inciting to riot, arson (a capital offense in South Carolina), breaking and entering, larceny and assault and battery. He had told newsmen earlier that if trouble broke out he would be the "scapegoat." He is being held under \$50,000 bond.

What McNair has sanctioned will bear bitter fruit on other Negro campuses, and is a preparation for the violence of the coming spring and summer.

NEXT STOP, WISCONSIN

JOHN PATRICK HUNTER

Mr. Hunter is a political reporter for the *Madison (Wis.) Capital Times*.

Madison, Wis.

The abrupt withdrawal of Governor Romney of Michigan has taken some of the drama out of the Wisconsin Presidential primary, but the election is nonetheless shaping up to be a significant referendum on the war in Vietnam. Romney's withdrawal has angered Wisconsin supporters of former Vice President Nixon, who were set to clobber the Governor. And it has shifted the spotlight from the GOP primary to the Democratic contest, where Lyndon Johnson's name is entered opposite that of Eugene McCarthy of Minnesota.

Senator McCarthy has fallen heir to the still sizable following of the late Adlai Stevenson—a loose amalgam of liberals centered principally in Madison, but with enclaves in northern and western Wisconsin. Not even Senator McCarthy's most sanguine supporters here expect him to win the Wisconsin primary, but they hope that he will cut the President's margin of victory and send McCarthy delegates to the national convention from at least three Congressional districts.

The Presidential candidates are not entered in a mere popularity contest: they are fighting for delegates to the two national conventions. Wisconsin primary law has no winner-take-all provision. In order to win the total delegation, the candidates must carry every one of the state's ten Congressional districts. In the Democratic primary, President Johnson and Senator McCarthy will be wooing sixty delegates (with fifty-nine convention votes); the Republicans will send thirty delegates with a vote apiece to Miami Beach. McCarthy's state organization is counting on a strong current of anti-war sentiment to overcome the support the Administration is getting from Wisconsin party officials.

The recent revision of the sixty-three-year-old primary law has not proved thoroughly satisfactory to its bipartisan drafters. It was intended to provide an "open" election, giving voters a wide-ranging choice of virtually every possible candidate, but two of the most frequently mentioned Presidential hopefuls are missing from the ballot: Gov. Nelson Rockefeller of New York, and Sen. Robert Kennedy of New York. Their absence has prompted some state legislators to demand changes in the law before the 1970 Presidential primary.

However, the new law allows Wisconsin voters to select the primary they want to vote in—Republican or Democratic. It also contains a startling new provision that lets the voter cast a No vote, if he does not want to support any of the candidates listed. The unprecedented No provision was written into the law at the insistence of the Republicans, who control both houses of the state legislature. They hoped to embarrass President Johnson by providing a vehicle for anti-war voters of both parties to register a negative vote in the primary. The idea did capture the

fancy of a group of Wisconsin anti-Johnson Democrats, and they had begun a No vote campaign to register protests against the Administration's Vietnamese policies when Senator McCarthy announced as a peace candidate. The dissidents then dropped their No campaign and rallied behind the Minnesota liberal.

McCarthy's entrance into the race is expected to cut the Democratic crossover to a minimum, while Romney's withdrawal is expected to free thousands of Republicans, both moderate and conservative, to jump over into the Democratic primary to take a slap at Mr. Johnson.

Nixon, like President Johnson, has the near-solid support of party leaders. McCarthy, who had hoped that some of Wisconsin's better-known anti-war lawmakers



Illingworth, Punch (Ben Roth)

would rally to his cause, failed to gain their support. But he did get a pledge of "neutrality" from Democratic U.S. Sens. Gaylord Nelson and William Proxmire, and from Democratic Reps. Robert W. Kastenmeier and Henry Reuss. The only other Democratic member of the Washington delegation, Rep. Clement Zablocki of Milwaukee, has endorsed the President.

Nelson, Kastenmeier and Reuss are outspoken critics of the Administration policies in Vietnam. Proxmire has been a leading hawk, but is now known to have serious misgivings about the conduct of the war. In any case, he has lent McCarthy a measure of support by remaining "neutral" in the primary.

Wisconsin's Democratic Att. Gen. Bronson C. LaFollette, who is seeking his party's nomination for governor, has also maintained a neutral stance in the campaign. But the White House has the solid backing of the state's top labor leaders. This support is supplemented by the work of the Democratic state chairman, Richard Cudahy, a Milwaukee meat-packing firm executive. Also supporting Johnson is David Carley, the Democratic national committeeman, a Madison housing developer. Carley's pro-Johnson position has mystified many of his friends. Until McCarthy threw his hat into the ring, Carley was a persistent public critic of Vietnamese policies. Since then, he has remained silent.

Madison is McCarthy country. The Dane County Democratic Party is controlled by McCarthy supporters and its county chairman, Michael Bleicher, a University of Wisconsin mathematics professor, is state co-chairman of the McCarthy for President Committee. Bleicher recently swamped an opponent for re-election as county chairman in a contest widely heralded as a test of Johnson-McCarthy strength.

A pro-McCarthy supporter also won recent re-election in the Eau Claire County Democratic unit. He is Karl Andresen, a political science professor at Eau Claire State University. Eau Claire, the most populous city in the sprawling 10th District in northwestern Wisconsin, is the other area of the state where McCarthy is rated ahead of Johnson.

There is a strong anti-war current in Wisconsin, but McCarthy's ability to tap this latent source of support depends on both finances and organization. The state's liberal newspaper, the Madison *Capital Times*, plans to endorse McCarthy, according to Miles McMillin, executive publisher. But the odds against McCarthy are staggering. Cudahy recently pressured sixty-five of the state's seventy-two county chairmen to endorse Johnson. Carley, the national committeeman, is candid about his reasons for supporting the President. He says McCarthy doesn't have a chance of winning the primary and he wants to cut the post-primary anti-Johnson spin-off from the party to a minimum. McCarthy's campaign has picked up momentum with his surprising showing in Minnesota party delegate balloting on March 5, and should move even faster in the wake of New Hampshire.

A Milwaukee mayor's race that has civil rights overtones is also expected to have a bearing on the outcome of the election. Mayor Henry Maier, under fire from civil rights groups, is seeking re-election. He is expected to get strong support from conservatives, especially in Milwaukee's South side, and it is thought that this will aid President Johnson. Most of Milwaukee's large Polish-American population is strongly hawkish and will back the President.

But an "End the War" referendum on the Madison ballot in the primary is expected to work for McCarthy. The referendum, drafted by a committee of Madison clergymen and others, calls for an immediate cease-fire and the withdrawal of troops from Vietnam. Maurice Zeitlin, the University of Wisconsin sociologist who is directing the campaign for support of the referendum, confidently expects Madison to become the first city in the

country to come out in favor of stopping the war. Outsiders tend to share Zeitlin's optimism.

Romney's pull-out and the refusal of Governor Rockefeller to permit his name to remain on the Wisconsin ballot have upset the carefully scheduled Nixon timetable. He had expected to pick up solid momentum here after an impressive New Hampshire showing. Sharing the Republican ballot with Nixon are Gov. Ronald Reagan of California, and former Gov. Harold Stassen of Minnesota, now a well-heeled lawyer in Philadelphia. Reagan has strong ties with Wisconsin's ultra-rightists, who opened their hearts and pocketbooks in 1964 to Barry Goldwater. But there is no evidence that Reagan's "non-candidacy" has caught on in Wisconsin.

Stassen scorns both Johnson's and Nixon's war policies. An articulate moderate, he has been dividing his time between New Hampshire and Wisconsin. But not even his toupee can hide the fact that he is 61 and has been pounding the campaign trail for more than two decades with a singular lack of success.

Stassen, who considers himself the GOP peace candidate, is counting on the anti-war sentiment to bring him support. It will be recalled that he put the skids under another well-known hawk—Gen. Douglas MacArthur. Stassen pulled a major surprise in 1948, winning the state's Presidential primary. That victory marked the end of the political trail for MacArthur.

There is some talk here among GOP moderates of organizing a write-in campaign for Rockefeller, but except for two or three preliminary meetings, the plan has not been pushed as yet. While write-ins are simple in Wisconsin, both on voting machines and paper ballots, the state, unlike New Hampshire, has no strong tradition of adding names to those provided on the ballot.

By the time that Senator Kennedy decided to enter the race, the deadline for filing in the Wisconsin primaries had passed, and there is no plan to organize a write-in campaign. Kennedy conferred with Wisconsin Democratic leaders before a selection committee approved the list of candidates for the April election, and got them to agree to keep him off the ballot. He has a strong body of supporters in Wisconsin, an inheritance from the 1960 campaign, when he directed his brother's successful fight against Hubert Humphrey.

Paradoxically, the key leaders in the recent formation of a Wisconsin Citizens for Johnson-Humphrey Committee, have been "Kennedy" Democrats. They include former State Chairman Patrick Lucey and party chairman Cudahy. There are reports that the White House is now eyeing this citizens' committee with reserve. Cudahy has assured the McCarthy people that the controversial New Hampshire advertising campaign would not be employed in Wisconsin. National Committeeman Carley has denounced the campaign, calling it an "outrage."

As the candidates pursue their quest for votes throughout Wisconsin, stopping in Beloit, Janesville, Manitowoc, Green Bay, Superior, La Crosse and Eau Claire, they bring along bittersweet recollections of other years:

Young John Kennedy, asleep in the back seat of an auto or sipping hot soup aboard the *Caroline* as he drove

or flew from one engagement to another. Kennedy, his hair flecked with a late March snow, charming a street-corner audience in Lancaster, in rural Grant County.

Or gangly, soft-spoken Estes Kefauver drawing smiles from a Waupaca audience by telling of his exploits as a benchwarmer on the University of Tennessee varsity football team. Kefauver, stretched out in his stocking feet in a Wisconsin Rapids motel, gratefully accepting a bourbon

on ice after a long day's campaigning that brought fleeting fame to rural Wisconsin.

Or Sen. Robert Taft in the 1952 primary. He turned back a surprisingly strong bid by the then Gov. Earl Warren of California, only to have the slick Easterners deal him out at the convention in favor of Eisenhower.

It could be that before it is through, 1968 will regenerate the political excitements of 1952.

THE COUNTER CULTURE: PART I

YOUTH AND THE GREAT REFUSAL

THEODORE ROSZAK

Published herewith is Theodore Roszak's introductory essay to a four-part series on what he calls the "counter culture," or by allusion, the "invasion of centaurs." In this impressive work of synthesis he brings together, organizes and evaluates the many aspects of a phenomenon now generally if inadequately perceived and variously referred to by such terms as the New Left, flower power, mind explosion, psychedelia, pot and Zen. Subsequent essays will focus on religiosity, dope and the sense of community, specifying the aspects of the counter culture that spring from these sources and examining the ideas and influence of leaders associated with them. However, the counter culture does not readily compartmentalize and these essays both overlap and reinforce one another. Together they constitute a clear-eyed, occasionally ironic, but basically appreciative estimate of a movement which the author compares, at least in potential, with Christianity under the Roman Empire.

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The struggle of the generations is one of the obvious constants of history. One stands in peril of great presumption, therefore, to suggest that the rivalry between young and adult in America of the 1960s is uniquely critical. And yet one must risk that presumption in order to grasp the full significance of what is happening to our contemporary culture. For the fact is that cultural innovation in America is becoming more and more the captive of youth who are profoundly alienated from the adult society. For better or worse, most of what is happening that is new, provocative and engaging in the arts, in politics, in education, in social relations (love, courtship, family), in journalism, in fashions and entertainment, is very largely the creation either of the discontented young or of those who address themselves primarily to the young. It is at the level of youth that many of our best minds—as well as our worst—look to find a responsive hearing as, more and more, it becomes the common expectation that the young should be those who act, who make things happen, who take the risks. Until, at last, the adults of the society begin to settle back into the role of amused or disgruntled but mainly passive observers. Adolescent-watching is fast becoming our greatest national spectator sport.

Some simple economic and demographic facts of life

help explain this peculiar state of affairs. A bit more than 50 per cent of our population is now under 25 years old. Even if one grants that people in their mid-20s have no business claiming (or letting themselves be claimed for) the status of "youth," there is still, among the authentically young—the 13-to-19 age bracket—a small nation of 25 million people. I will, however, argue below that there is good reason to group the mid-20s with their adolescent juniors.

But numbers alone don't account for the aggressive prominence of youth in our society. More important, the young seem to *feel* the potential power of their numbers as never before. No doubt this occurs to a great extent because the market apparatus of our consumer society has invested a deal of wit into cultivating the age consciousness of old and young alike. Teen-agers alone control a stupendous amount of money and enjoy much leisure; so inevitably, they have been turned into a self-conscious market. Whatever the young have fashioned for themselves has rapidly been rendered grist for the commercial mill and merchandised by admass—including the ethos of dissent, a fact that has created an agonizing kind of disorientation for the dissenting young (and their critics) and to which we shall return in a moment.

But the force of the market has not been the only factor in intensifying age consciousness. The expansion of higher education has, I suspect, done even more. Just as early industrialism concentrated labor and helped create class consciousness, so the university campus, where up to 25,000 students may be gathered, has served to crystallize the group identity of the young—with the important effect of mingling freshmen of 17 and 18 with graduate students in their mid-20s. On the major campuses, it is often the graduates who assume positions of leadership, contributing a degree of competence that the younger students could not muster. When one includes in this alliance that significant new entity, the "non-student"—the campus roustabout who may be well along in his late 20s—one sees why "youth" has become such a long-term career. The grads and the non-students easily come to identify their interests and allegiance with a very young population which, in previous generations, they would long since have left behind.

These campus elders play a role, particularly crucial for they tend to be those who have the most vivid realiza-

tion of the new economic role of the university. Being closer to the organization-man careers for which higher education is supposed to be grooming them, they have both a stronger sensitivity to the social regimentation that imminently confronts them, and a stronger sense of the potential power with which the society's economic needs invest them. They know how great is society's demand for their skills and they soon see that making trouble on the campus is making trouble in one of the economy's vital sectors. And once the grad students—many of whom may be serving as low-level teaching assistants—have been infected with qualms and aggressive discontents, the junior faculty, with whom they overlap, may soon catch the fever and find themselves drawn into the orbit of dissenting "youth."

The troubles at Berkeley in late 1966 illustrate the expansiveness of youthful protest. First a group of undergraduates stages a sit-in against naval recruiters at the student union. They are soon joined by a contingent of non-students (whom the administration then martyrs by selective arrest) and a non-student of nearly 30—Mario Savio, already married and a father—is quickly adopted as spokesman for the protest. Finally the teaching assistants call a strike in support of the demonstration. When at last the agitation comes to its ambiguous conclusion, a rally of thousands gathers outside Sproul Hall to sing the Beatles' *Yellow Submarine*—which happens to be the current hit on all the local high school campuses. If "youth" is not the word we are going to use to cover this obstreperous population, then we may have to coin another. But undeniably the social grouping exists with a self-conscious solidarity.

Pleasure, Freedom & the Reality Principle

A particular plight of the senior and graduate students offers still another reason for the remarkable volatility of the young. The current generation of students is the beneficiary of the permissive child-rearing habits that have been a feature of our postwar society. Dr. Spock's endearing latitudinarianism is much more a reflection than a cause of this new (and wise) conception of proper parent-child relations that has prevailed for some time in the middle class.

A high-consumption, leisure-wealthy society doesn't need rigidly trained, "responsible" young workers. The middle class can afford to prolong the ease and drift of childhood, and so it does. It "spoils" its kids, meaning it influences them to believe that being human has something to do with pleasure and freedom. But as life in the multiversity wears on, the reality principle begins to demand its price. The students get told they are now officially "grown up," but they have been given no taste for the rigidities and self-denials that adulthood is supposed to be all about. General Motors all of a sudden wants barbered hair, punctuality, and an appropriate reverence for the conformities of the organizational hierarchy. Washington wants patriotic cannon fodder. Some kids summon up the square-jawed "responsibility" to adjust to the prescribed pattern of adulthood (though even the Young Americans for Freedom, who champion the virtues of the

corporate structure, have decided, with the vigorous endorsement of Ayn Rand, that conscription is a species of "selective slavery").

Others, being incorrigibly "childish," continue to assert pleasure and freedom as human rights and begin to ask aggressive questions about the meaning of adulthood. Perhaps at last they drop out, restless and bewildered and hungry for better ideas about grownupness than GM or IBM or LBJ seem able to offer. This often places them in the position of nostalgically cultivating the styles of the teen-age world, like the rock music and dance which now unites the whole 13-to-30 population.

The dropouts stall in a protracted adolescence out of which they are eager to break, but not as their parents did. Some become ne'er-do-well dependents; others resort to flight. The FBI reports the arrest of more than 90,000 juvenile runaways in 1966; most of those who flee well-off, middle-class homes get picked up—by the thousands each current year—in the big city bohémias, fending off malnutrition and venereal disease. The immigration departments of Europe record a constant level, over the past few years, of something like 10,000 disheveled flower children (mostly American, British, German and Scandinavian) migrating across to the Near East and India. The influx has been sufficient to force Iran and Afghanistan to boost substantially their "cash in hand" requirements for prospective tourists. And the British Consul General in Istanbul officially requested Parliament in late 1967 to grant him increased accommodations for the "swarm" of penniless young Englishmen who have been showing up at his consulate, seeking temporary lodgings or perhaps shelter from Turkish narcotics authorities.

One may flippantly construe this exodus as the contemporary version of running off with the circus, but the more apt parallel might be with the quest of 3rd-century Christians (a scruffy, uncouth, and often half-mad lot) for escape from the corruptions of Hellenistic society: it is much more a flight *from* than *toward*. Certainly for a youth of 17, clearing out of the comfortable bosom of the middle-class family to become a beggar is a formidable gesture of dissent. One makes light of it at the expense of ignoring a significant measure of our social health.

The Only Audience

The final ingredient that goes into this ebullient culture of youthful dissent is the adult radical who finds himself in a fix that much resembles that of the bourgeois intellectual in Marxist theory. Despairing for the timidity and lethargy of his own class, Marx's middle-class revolutionary at last turns renegade and defects to the proletariat. In postwar America, the adult radical, confronted with a diminishing public among the "cheerful robots" of his own generation, gravitates to the restless middle-class young. Where else is he to find an audience? The working class, which provided the traditional following for radical ideology, now for the most part neither leads nor follows but bogs down to become the heaviest ballast of the established order. If the adult radical is white, black power progressively seals off his entree to Negro organizations. As for the exploited masses of the Third World, they have

as little use for white Western ideologues as do our native blacks—and in any case they are far distant. Unless he follows the strenuous example of a Régis Debray, the white American radical can do little more than sympathize from afar with the revolutionary movements of Asia, Africa and Latin America.

On the other hand, the disaffected middle-class young are at hand, suffering the “immiserization” that comes of being stranded between a permissive childhood and an obnoxiously conformist adulthood, experimenting desperately with new ways of growing with self-respect into a world they despise, calling for help. So the radical adults offer to become gurus to the alienated young, or perhaps the young draft them into that service.

I take the hyper-dynamism of the young to be a thoroughly unhealthy state of affairs. It is not properly youth's role to bear so great a responsibility for inventing or initiating for their society as a whole. It is too big a job for them to do gracefully. The rise of our youth culture to a position of such prominence is a symptom of grave default on the part of adults. Trapped in the frozen posture of befuddled passivity which has been characteristic of our society since the end of World War II (what Paul Goodman has called “the nothing can be done disease”) the mature generations have divested themselves of their adulthood—if the term means anything besides being tall and debt-worried and capable of buying liquor without showing a driver's license. It has surrendered its responsibility to make morally demanding decisions, to generate ideals, to control public authority, to safeguard the life of the community against its despoilers. It has been scared off and bought off its proper function in a variety of ways that need not be reviewed here, until it has become, not a catalyst to the growth of its more sensitive children but a barrier of paralyzed complacency, deservedly inviting contempt.

This is the America whose god Allen Ginsberg, somewhere back in the middle fifties, identified as the sterile and omnivorous “Moloch,” the America whose premature senility President Eisenhower so marvelously incarnated, and the disease of whose soul shone so lugubriously through the public obscenities that men like John Foster Dulles, Herman Kahn and Edward Teller were prepared to call “policy.” There are never many clear landmarks in the affairs of the spirit, but Ginsberg's *Howl* may serve as the first public report announcing the war of the generations. It can be coupled, chronologically, with the appearance of C. Wright Mills's aggressively activist sociology—with the publication of Mills's *Causes of World War III* (1957). Mills was by no means the first postwar figure who sought to tell it like it is about the state of American public life—nor was he necessarily all that right in what he said. But his tone was angrier and his rhetoric catchier. He wanted his sociology to function as part of a public dialogue. Above all, he insisted more urgently than any before him that he wanted action, and wanted it now. He was prepared to step forth and brazenly pin his indictment like a target to the enemy's chest. And, most important, Mills was lucky enough to reach ears that would hear: his indignation found an audience.

When Mills died in 1961, the New Left he was search-

ing for but had despaired of finding among the forces and institutions controlled by his peers was beginning to emerge—of course, from among the students. If he were alive today he would be into his 50s; but his following would still be primarily among the under 30s. Just as Ginsberg, now more than 40, remains the bard of the young.

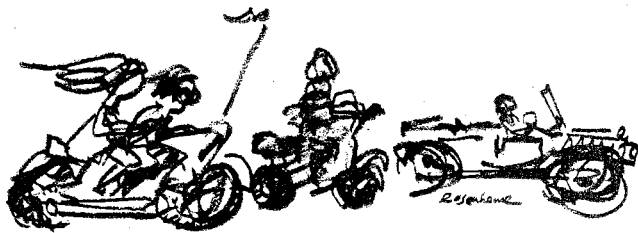
Elderly Carpers

Admittedly, the dissent that began to simmer in the mid-fifties was not confined to the young. At the adult level of resistance, SANE was created in 1957, and later Turn Toward Peace. But precisely what do groups like SANE and TTP reveal about adult America, even about the politically conscious types? Looking back, one is struck by their absurd shallowness and conformism, their total unwillingness to raise fundamental issues about the quality of American life, their fastidious anti-communism, and, above all, their incapacity to sustain any significant initiative on the political field. Even the Committee of Correspondence, a promising effort formed around 1961 by senior academics, quickly settled for publishing a new journal. I can remember attending meetings of the West Coast committee at which Seymour Martin Lipset, who was the sort of responsible, anti-Communist liberal everybody felt certain had to be included, put the damper on any radical action by arguing without significant opposition that the cold war was entirely the fault of the Russians, and there was nothing to do but leave things to the government, which was in excellent hands, and so why were we all meeting anyway

At present, the remnants of SANE and TTP have been reduced to the role of carping (often with a good deal of justice) at the impetuous extremes and leftist flirtations of far more dynamic youth groups like SDS or the Berkeley VDC or the Spring Mobilization. But avuncular carping is not initiative. And it is a bore, even if a well-intentioned bore, when it becomes a major preoccupation. Similarly, it is the younger Negro groups that have begun to steal the fire of adult organizations—but in that case with results that I feel are bound to be disastrous.

The fact is, it is the young who have—gropingly, haltingly, amateurishly, even grotesquely—gotten dissent off the adult drawing board. They have torn it out of the books and journals that an older generation of radicals wrote, and they have fashioned it into a style of life. They have turned the hypotheses of disgruntled elders into experiments, though often without the willingness to admit that one may have to concede failure at the end of any true experiment.

This readiness to experiment with a variety of dissenting life styles is what has made the youth culture of the day so prominent and fruitfully provocative, despite its frequent lapses into the absurd. But, inevitably, the kids have run into criticism, often from no quarter so severe as that of the older radicals. For generations now, radical intellectuals have lambasted the bad habits of bourgeois society: “the bourgeoisie,” they have insisted, “is obsessed by greed; its sex life is insipid and prudish; its family patterns are debased; its slavish conformities of dress and cos-



metics are degrading; its mercenary routinization of existence is intolerable; its vision of life is drab and joyless, etc., etc." So the kids try this and that, and one by one they discard the vices of their parents, preferring the less structured ways of their own childhood and adolescence—only to discover that many an old-line radical, embarrassed by the brazen sexuality and unwashed feet, glad-rags and playful ways, is taking up the chorus: "No that is not what I meant, that is not what I meant at all."

Critics and Publicists

Thus, a good liberal like Hans Toch (writing in *The Nation* for December 4, 1967) invokes the Protestant work ethic to give the hippies a fatherly tongue-lashing for their "consuming but noncontributing" ways. They are being "parasitic," Professor Toch observes, for "the hippies, after all, accept—even demand—social services, while rejecting the desirability of making a contribution to the economy." But of course they do: because we have an economy of cybernated abundance that does not need their labor, that is rapidly severing the tie between work and wages, that suffers from hard-core poverty caused by maldistribution, not by scarcity. From this point of view, why is their voluntary dropping out any more "parasitic" than the enforced dropping out of impoverished ghetto dwellers? Is it perhaps because the hippies seem to enjoy their mendicant idleness, do not feel appropriately guilty and frustrated? There are criticisms I shall want to make of the beat-hip bohemian fringe of our youth culture—but this is surely not one of them.

It would be a better general criticism to make of the young that they have done a miserably bad job of dealing with the distortive publicity with which admass has burdened their embryonic experiments. Too often they fall into the trap of reacting narcissistically or defensively to their own image in the fun-house mirror of the media. Whatever these things called "beatniks" and "hippies" originally were, or still are, may have nothing to do with what *Time*, *Esquire*, C.B.S.-N.B.C.-A.B.C., Broadway comedy and Hollywood surf operas have decided to make of them. If anything, the media tend to isolate the weirdest aberrations and to attract to the movement many extroverted poseurs.

But what can bohemia do when it finds itself massively infiltrated by well-intentioned sociologists (and now, all of a sudden, we have specialized "sociologists of adolescence"), sensationalizing journalists, curious tourists, and weekend fellow travelers? What doors does one close on them? The problem is new and tough—a cynical dilution of dissent by saturation coverage—and it begins to look like a far more formidable weapon in the hands of the established culture than outright suppression would be.

The situation seems to call for strategies of dignified secrecy which the young have not yet developed.

But to grant the fact of admass distortion is not the same as saying that the young have evolved no life style of their own, or that they are unserious about it. It would be surrendering to admass an absolutely destructive potential if one took the tack that whatever it touches is automatically debased, or perhaps has no reality at all. Commercial vulgarization is one of the endemic pests of 20th-century America, like the flies that swarm to the sweets of summer. But the flies don't create the sweets (though they may make them less palatable), nor do they bring in the summer. It will be my contention that despite the fraudulence and folly that collect around its edges, a significant new culture is being born among our youth, and that this culture deserves careful understanding, if for no other reason than the sheer size of the population it potentially involves.

I think there is another reason, namely the intrinsic value of what the young are making happen. But I would insist that in order to understand it one must avoid, as far as possible, relying on the exotic tidbits, the sensational case histories, admass provides. And that would include the superficial snooping that comes of cruising bohemia for a few exciting days in search of local color and the inside dope. Rather, one should look for major trends that seem to outlast current fashions, and seek out the most articulate public statements of belief and value the young have made or given ear to: the thoughtful formulation, rather than the offhand gossip. Above all, I think the older generations must be willing, in a spirit of critical helpfulness, to sort out what seems valuable and promising, as if indeed it mattered whether or not the alienated young succeeded in their project.

Culture or Counter Culture?

Again, it must be granted that it is an old story that the young should have to scrap or remodel in some degree the culture they inherit. Indeed, the Spanish philosopher, Ortega, has elaborated a theory of history (in *Man and Crisis*), based on the fitful transition of the generations. What is special about the present case is the scale on which the cultural revision is taking place and the depth to which it is reaching. I have referred to the "culture" of the young; but would it be an exaggeration to call what is arising among them a "counter culture"? That is, a culture which so radically rejects the mainstream assumptions of Western society that it is scarcely recognizable to many as a culture at all, but looks, instead, like a barbaric intrusion. One thinks of the invasion of centaurs on the north pediment of the Parthenon, which a stern Apollo, as guardian of the orthodox culture, steps forward to admonish. Apollo, being older than 30, could hardly expect his authority to be trusted now. And, besides, these latter-



day centaurs, while "high," are not drunken, and most likely come bearing flowers.

Major cultural disjunctures have happened before, though not with the same high acceleration. Toynbee identified them as the work of a disinherited proletariat and used as his paradigm the role of the early Christians within the Roman Empire. Hopelessly alienated by ethos and social class from the official culture, the primitive Christian community fashioned of Judaism and the mystery cults a culture that could not fail to seem absurd to Greco-Roman orthodoxy. But the absurdity, far from being felt as a disgrace, became a banner of the community.

For it is written [St. Paul boasted] I will destroy the wisdom of the wise, and will bring to nothing the understanding of the prudent For the Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty.

Once such a cultural disjuncture opens out in society, nothing is guaranteed. What happens among the minority that finds itself isolated by the rift is as apt to be ugly or pathetic as it is to be noble. The primitive Christian absurdity can be credited at least with the potentiality of saintly service and visionary poetry. The alienated stock clerks and wallpaper hangers of post-World War I Germany sullenly withdrew to their beer halls to talk imbecile anthropology and prepare the horrors of Buchenwald. So too, contemporary America's isolated minorities include the Hell's Angels and the Minutemen from whom nothing beautiful or interesting can be expected.

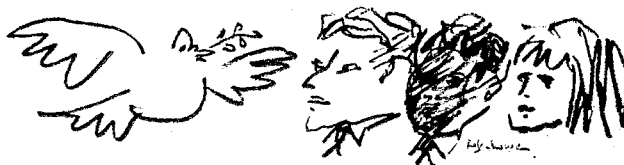
And the alienated young: how to characterize the counter culture they are in the way of haphazardly assembling? A heroic generalization about this still embryonic culture is to say that what the young are up to is nothing less than a reorganization of the prevailing state of personal and social consciousness. From a culture that has a long-standing, entrenched commitment to an egocentric and intellectual mode of consciousness, the young are moving toward a sense of identity that is communal and nonintellectual. I think the disjuncture is just that great—as great in its implications (though obviously not as yet in historical influence) as the disjuncture between Greco-Roman rationality and Christian mystery. Against the traditional Cartesian *cogito*, with its blunt, initial assertion of individuality and logicity, the counter culture opposes the community and visionary inspiration. This really amounts to an assault on the reality of the ego as an isolable and purely cerebral unit of identity.

Hippies and Leftists

At first glance, it may seem that this counter culture, shading off as rapidly as it does into the mind-blown bohemianism of the beats and hippies, diverges radically from the hard-headed political activism of the student New Left. Are there perhaps two separate and antithetical developments; one (tracing back to Ginsberg and company) which seeks to abscond from American political life, and the other (tracing back to Mills and the remnants of the old Socialist Left) which seeks to penetrate and rechannel the mainstream of American society? I think

not. At a deeper level, there is a theme that unites these two variations. It is revealed among the activists by the personalism that characterized the beginnings of New Left dissent. [See "Young Radicals & the Fear of Power" by Kenneth Keniston, *The Nation*, March 18.]

New Left groups like SDS have always taken strong exception to the thesis that we have reached the "end of ideology" in the Great Society. But there is a sense in which ideology *is* a thing of the past among most politically involved, left-wing students. By and large, most New Left groups have refused to allow doctrinal logic to obscure or displace an irreducible element of personal tenderness. What has distinguished SDS, at least in its early years, from old-line radical youth groups (say, like the Progressive Labor Movement) is the unwillingness of the



former to deify doctrine, granting it more importance than flesh and blood. For most of the New Left, there has ultimately been no more worth or cogency in any ideology than a man infuses it with by his own action: personal commitments, not abstract ideas, are the stuff of politics. Alienation has been the root problem of New Left politics. But not alienation in the sheerly institutional sense, in which capitalism (or for that matter any advanced industrial economy) tends to alienate the worker from the rewards of production; but rather alienation as a deadening of man's sensitivity to man: a deadening that can creep into even those revolutionary efforts that seek to eliminate institutional forms of alienation.

Wherever nonhuman elements—whether revolutionary doctrine or material goods—assume greater importance than human life or well-being, man becomes alienated from man and the way is open to the self-righteous use of others as objects. Thus, revolutionary terrorism is the mirror image of capitalist exploitation.

The flavor is caught by the SDS Port Huron statement of 1962:

We are aware that to avoid platitudes we must analyze the concrete conditions of social order. But to direct such an analysis we must use the guideposts of basic principles. Our own social values involve conceptions of human beings, human relationships, and social systems.

We regard *men* as infinitely precious and possessed of unfulfilled capacities for reason, freedom, and love. . . . We oppose the depersonalization that reduces human beings to the status of things. If anything, the brutalities of the twentieth century teach that means and ends are intimately related, that vague appeals to "posterity" cannot justify the mutilations of the present

Loneliness, estrangement, isolation describe the vast distance between man and man today. These dominant tendencies cannot be overcome by better personal management, nor by improved gadgets, but only when a love of man overcomes the idolatrous worship of things by man.

In his recent work *The Politics of Experience*, the British psychiatrist, R. D. Laing, a leading figure in

Britain's visionary Left, catches much the same spirit: "No one can begin to think, feel or act now except from the starting-point of his or her own alienation We do not need theories so much as the experience that is the source of the theory."

'Scrupulosity' of the Young

Once upon a time Harry Pollitt, the leader of the British Communist Party, could, with a clear conscience, tell the poet Stephen Spender that he ought to go to Spain and get himself killed—the party needed more martyred artists to bolster its public image. Nor have such perversions been confined to the Stalinist Left. It was an adamant anti-Stalinist, Sidney Hook, who in his famous exchange with Bertrand Russell during the early fifties, logic-chopped his way to the conclusion that thwarting the ambitions of the world's Harry Pollitts was worth wiping out the entire human species: anti-Stalinist militancy required 2 billion martyrs, willy or nilly. This is precisely the sort of corrupted human relations, the sort of subordination of the person to doctrinal logic, that has been pretty much absent from the best New Left politics. If the New Left draws upon the Marxist tradition, its Marxism has been significantly mediated by Camus and the postwar existentialists. Or, in the American radical tradition, it is a humanist Socialist text like Dwight MacDonald's eloquent *The Root Is Man* that one discerns behind a document like the Port Huron statement. (As I write, however, I am bleakly aware that an ideological drift toward righteous violence is on the increase among the young as an adjunct of black power and a romantic infatuation with guerrilla warfare. Despite Camus' wise admonition, the search may be on again among left-wing dissenters to "make murder legitimate," and the New Left may be about to lose its original soulfulness.)

Colin MacInnes, discussing the difference between the youthful radicals of the thirties and the sixties (*Encounter*, November, 1967), observed that the contemporary young "hold themselves more personally responsible than the young used to. Not in the sense of their 'duties' to the state or even society, but to themselves. I think they examine themselves more closely and their motives and their own behavior." Anyone who has spent much time with New Left students knows what MacInnes is talking about. They show a quality of somber introspection that almost amounts to what the Catholic Church calls "scrupulosity." It is a refusal to allow theories or rhetoric to get in the way of intensive self-awareness. Honesty to the inner motive must be kept paramount and so the final appeal is to the person, never to the doctrine.

But then the question arises: what *is* the person? What, most essentially, is this elusive, often erratic, human *something* which underlies social systems and ideologies, and which now must serve as the ultimate point of moral reference? No sooner does one raise the question than the politics of the social system yields to what Alan Watts has called "the politics of the nervous system." Class consciousness gives way as a generative principle to *consciousness* consciousness. And it is at this juncture that New Left and beat-hip bohemianism join hands. The transition from the one to the other shows up in the pat-

tern that has come to govern many of the free universities. These dissenting academies usually get their send-off from campus New Leftists and initially emphasize heavy politics. But more and more the curricula tend to become hip in content and teaching methods: psychedelics, light shows, multi-media, McLuhan, exotic religion. (See "The Free Universities," by Ralph Keyes, *The Nation*, October 2, 1967.)

The same transition can be traced in the career of Bob Dylan, who commands respect among all segments of the dissenting youth culture. Dylan's early songs are traditional folk protests, laying forth obvious issues of social justice: anti-boss, anti-war, anti-exploitation. Then, quite suddenly, rather as if Dylan had come to the conclusion that the conventional Woody Guthrie ballad didn't reach deep enough, the songs turn surrealistic and psychedelic. All at once one is thrust somewhere beneath the rationalizing cerebrum of social discourse, and is probing the nightmare deeps, trying, it would seem, to get at the tangled roots of conduct and opinion. It is at that point that the project which the beats of the early fifties had taken up—the task of remodeling themselves, their way of life, their perceptions and sensitivities—takes precedence over the task of changing institutions or policies.

Priorities of Liberation

One can discern, then, a continuum of thought and experience among the young which shades off from the New Leftist sociology of Mills, through the Freudian-Marxism of Herbert Marcuse, through the Gestalt-therapy anarchism of Paul Goodman, through the apocalyptic body-mysticism of Norman Brown, through the Zen-based psychotherapy of Alan Watts where political involvement seems to begin evaporating rapidly, and finally into Timothy Leary's impenetrably occult and quietist narcissism where the world and its woes may shrink at last to the size of a mote in one's private psychedelic void. The different schools of thought become an integrated series as soon as one surrenders the notion that institutional patterns are the basis of social reality, and substitutes instead psychic patterns.

Unrelated as the extremes of this spectrum may seem at first, one would not be surprised if the men just named were to turn up at the same teach-in. The Congress on the Dialectics of Liberation, held in London during the summer of 1967, was pretty much that kind of affair: an effort to work out the priorities of psychic and social liberation within a group of participants that included New Left revolutionaries and existential psychiatrists. Allen Ginsberg was also on hand to chant the *Hare Krishna*. As one would expect, the priorities were never established. And, significantly, it proved impossible for the congress to maintain more than minimal rapport with black power spokesmen like Stokely Carmichael for whom, tragically if understandably, real social power has, despite all that history teaches us to the contrary, once more begun to look like something that flows from the muzzle of a gun. Still, for the most part, the common cause was there: the same insistence on revolutionary change that must at last embrace psyche and society. So it is that when New Left

groups organize an anti-war demonstration, the misty-minded hippies are certain to join in, though they may tune out the heavy political speechifying in favor of launching a yellow submarine or exorcizing the Pentagon.

The underlying unity of youthful dissent consists, then, in the effort of beat-hip bohemianism to work out the personality structure, the total life style that follows from New Left social criticism. At their best, the beats and hips are the utopian experimenters of the social system that lies beyond the intellectual rejection of the Great Society. The counter culture is the embryonic cultural base of New Left politics, the effort to discover new types of community, new family patterns, new sexual mores, new kinds of livelihood, new aesthetic forms, new personal identities on the far side of power politics, the bourgeois home, and the Protestant work ethic. If the experiments are raw and often abortive, it must be remembered that the experimenters have been on the scene only for a dozen years and are picking their way through customs and institutions that have had more than a few centuries to entrench themselves. To criticize the experiments is legitimate and necessary; to despair of what are no more than beginnings is premature.

Decadence & Innocence

The counter culture described here is but the latest stage in a major tradition of Western social and intellectual history. The parallels with Romanticism, that first great assault on the scientific world view and the conception of personality that flowed from it, are striking. Goethe, describing his generation's rejection (almost 200 years ago) of Baron Holbach's mechanistic *System of Nature*, hits an unmistakably contemporary note:

How hollow and empty did we feel in this melancholy, atheistical half-night, in which earth vanished with all its images, heaven with all its stars. There was to be matter in motion from all eternity; and by this motion, right and left in every direction, without anything further, it was to produce the infinite phenomena of existence If, after all, this book had done us some harm, it was this—that we took a hearty dislike of all philosophy, and especially metaphysics, and remained in that dislike; while, on the other hand, we threw ourselves into living knowledge, experience, action, and poetizing, with all the more liveliness and passion.

Even more striking is the overlap between the contemporary counter culture and the late-Romantic "decadents" of France and England, whose favorite constellation of luscious vices—drugs, eclectic mysticism, and *outré* sexuality—is an obvious prototype of beat-hip bohemianism. It is no coincidence then that the *art nouveau* of the sickly sweet *fin de siècle* should now be revived as the official expression of the psychedelic vision. So the English art critic Lawrence Gowing speaks of Aubrey Beardsley as "the prophet of the heightened hallucinatory rhythm . . . the forerunner of the psychedelic flux and its liberated bisexual languor."

But there is an important difference. The style of the "decadents" was brazenly to court damnation by aspiring to satanic wickedness. Today's young assert the innocence, indeed the holiness, of their forbidden pleasures—which

is all the more exasperating. The difference stems, I think, from the fact that the bohemianism of the younger generation has been able to claim unashamedly the sanctions of Oriental religion for its erotic and psychedelic adventures. The "decadents," caught in a less debilitated Christian ethos, had to take their joys at the expense of grace.

The counter culture's tie-in with Romanticism is important for one particular reason. In its latest stages, Romantic culture degenerated into one of the central ingredients



of fascism: "Feeling is all," Goethe's Faust proclaimed; and a little more than a century later Hitler, almost paraphrasing D. H. Lawrence, provided a distorted echo: "Think with your blood." Murderers and maniacs can, of course, seize upon any body of thought and twist it to serve their debased purposes, a fact which too many intellectual historians overlook in working out intricate genealogies of ideas. But still, the vulnerability of certain ideas to such abuse is the more reason for artists and intellectuals to give the greatest thought to the human potentialities their thought and imagery may release—especially when the audience for their work becomes as young as that of the counter culture. "Make Love Not War" is still the banner most of the dissenting young are rallying to—and those who cannot see the difference between that sentiment and any banners the *Hitlerjugend* carried are plain perverse. So too, one of the most remarkable aspects of the counter culture is its cultivation of feminine softness among the males, a deliberate effort to undercut the crude and compulsive "he-manliness" of our political life. Beat-hip bohemianism is quite simply and unashamedly feminine-centered in its ideal of personality. At the same time, one perceives, still at the fringe of the counter culture, a worrisome fascination with violence-minded phenomena like the Hell's Angels and James Bond movies, or with the chichi sado-masochism of Phoebe Zeitgeist and Barbarella.

Saviors of Santa Claus

Despite all the counter culture owes to previous generations, however, one comes back finally to the striking fact that it is a *youth* culture. What was in the past a bohemian frontier populated by a marginal few—an elite of effete gentlemen, outcast revolutionaries, risqué artists—has been staked out and democratized by a mass movement of the young, and mainly the white, middle-class young. So where the "decadents" specialized, as old roués, in corrupting little boys and girls, now the little boys and girls have gone into business on their own, but refusing to yield their claim to innocence.

The result is dissenting thought and culture at the adolescent level, if not on the part of its creators, then on the part of much of its audience. And these tastes now reach surprisingly far back into the early years of adoles-

cence. I offer one illuminating example. In December of 1967, I watched a group of 13-year-olds from a London settlement house perform an improvised Christmas play as part of a therapeutic theatre program run by the International Theatre Club. The kids had concocted a show in which Santa Claus had been imprisoned by the Immigration authorities for entering the country without proper permission. The knock at official society was especially stinging, coming instinctively from some very ordinary youngsters, who had scarcely been exposed to any terribly advanced intellectual influences. And whom did the 13-year-olds decide to bring on as Santa's liberators? An exotic species of being known to them as "the hippies," who Shiva-danced to the jail house and magically released Father Christmas, accompanied by strobe lights and jangling sitars.

However lacking older radicals may find the hippies in authenticity or revolutionary potential, they have succeeded in embodying what Herbert Marcuse calls "the Great Refusal" in a form that captures the need of the young for unrestricted joy. The hippie, real or as imagined, now seems to stand as one of the few images toward which the very young can grow without having to give up the sense of enchantment or playfulness. Hippies who may be pushing 30 wear buttons that read "Frodo lives" (in Elvish yet) and decorate their pads with maps of Middle Earth (which is also the name of one of London's current

rock clubs). Is it any wonder that the best and brightest kids at Berkeley High School (to choose a school that happens to be in my neighborhood) are already coming to class barefoot, with flowers in their hair, and ringing with cowbells?

When radical intellectuals must deal with a dissenting public this young, all kinds of problems accrue. Adolescent dissent is certainly as far from ideal as the proletarian dissent that bedeviled radical intellectuals over the last three or four generations when it was the working class they had to ally themselves with in their effort to reclaim culture for the good, the true and the beautiful. Then the horny-handed virtues of the beer hall and the trade union had to serve as the medium of radical thought. Now it is the youthful exuberance of the rock club, the love-in, the teach-in.

The kids, miserably educated as they are, bring with them almost nothing but healthy instincts. And the project of building a sophisticated framework of thought atop those instincts is rather like trying to graft an oak tree upon a wild flower. How to sustain the oak? More important, how to avoid crushing the wild flower? But that is the project, for dissent has very few other social levers with which to work. This is the "significant soil" in which the Great Refusal has begun to take root. If we reject it, frustrated by the youthful follies that also sprout there, where then do we turn?

VIETNAM ANALOGY

GREECE, NOT MUNICH

ARNO J. MAYER

Mr. Mayer, professor of history at Princeton University, is the author most recently of Politics and Diplomacy of Peacemaking: Containment and Counterrevolution at Versailles, 1918-1919 (Knopf).

Even, or perhaps especially, in this secular age the citizen craves reassurance that history follows a patterned and discernible course. In his quest for direction he is predisposed to welcome, and any government is inclined to provide, reminders of past events or situations which make those of the present and future recognizable. That being the case, he is likely to look askance at critics who question the legitimacy of a prevalent analogy without proposing a better one to take its place. Particularly in the United States, where any critic of government is suspect if he refuses to propose concrete remedies, this failure reduces his effectiveness.

Further, many critics leave the impression that anything short of a perfect analogy should be proscribed. But in the absence of perfect analogies, which exist only in the world of formal abstractions, this is equivalent to ruling out analogic arguments altogether. What, then, is an analogy? According to Webster it is "a relation of likeness between two things or one thing to or with another, consisting in the resemblance not of the things themselves but

of two or more attributes, circumstances, or effects." In short, analogy is not identity. Reasoning by historical analogy consists of isolating two or more circumstances or processes which have structural, relational and/or causal resemblances in a context of differences and indeterminacies, the resemblances being emphasized for the purpose of proceeding to the clarification of a situation, a process, or an effect which appears not to be characterized by unalloyed uniqueness.

If E. H. Carr is right in saying that the current era is exceptionally history-conscious and if today's citizen has that pronounced need for and is peculiarly susceptible to analogies—and these two points await empirical verification—then any administration may be expected to harness only such analogies as will bolster up and justify its policies. Moreover, government spokesmen and supporters, as well as dissident action intellectuals, will tend to violate the canons of sound analogic explanation: rather than give due weight to degrees of similarity or difference, they will tend to speak in terms of immaculate identity or contrast.

Accordingly, present government spokesmen and supporters seek to press into service the analogy of Munich, hoping thus to rally public and Congressional support for a resolute, forward policy in Vietnam. The opposition on the Left tends to reject this analogy—without, how-

ever, providing the citizen with alternate historical sign posts.

By its proponents, the Munich analogy is designed to stress the identity, not the similarity, of Hitler and Mao; of the Nazi German and the Communist Chinese political systems and foreign policy objectives as well as methods; and of the externally incited subversion as well as the strategic significance of Czechoslovakia and South Vietnam. The ensuing lesson is presented as self-evident: no self-respecting American should want in the White House a Chamberlain or Daladier, who by surrendering South Vietnam to the Chinese-controlled North Vietnamese and Vietcong would encourage Peking to activate its timetable for aggressive expansion into Southeast Asia and beyond.

Needless to say, government critics, including professional historians, have excelled in exposing the flaws in this Munich-Vietnam analogy. They have sought to demonstrate that the South Vietnamese insurgency, *unlike* the Sudeten insurgency, is essentially and authentically indigenous and popular and is directed against a corrupt regime; that South Vietnam, *unlike* Czechoslovakia, is at best of marginal strategic importance; that Communist China, *unlike* Hitler Germany, does not appear to be intent on military aggression; and that the United States of the 1960s, *unlike* the Anglo-French allies in 1938, has overwhelming military capabilities in readiness if Peking should, after all, embark on a course of outright military aggression.

But these corrections, though well-grounded, do not come to grips with the pivotal assumption underlying the Munich parable. Today's anti-appeasers imply that if the Anglo-French statesmen had stood their ground firmly on Czechoslovakia, Hitler would have climbed down and the Second World War would have been averted. Quite apart from the fact that such counter-factual events are difficult to prove, this particular proposition is left intentionally vague. Specifically, it begs the question of whether, in order to persuade Hitler to desist or delay, it would not have been necessary to confront him with the unequivocal prospect of a two-front war arising from a timely and binding military alliance between the two Western allies and Soviet Russia, including arrangements for the transit of Soviet military power through Poland and Romania.

It is worth noting that many critics, who rightly question the accuracy of the Administration's interpretation of the nature and purpose of the struggle in South Vietnam, tacitly accept its representation of Munich, thereby ignoring or concealing the anti-Communist mainsprings and objectives of Western diplomacy since 1917. Concern and priority for the containment of Russian Bolshevism and for the maintenance of the domestic *status quo* significantly influenced many of the provisions in the post-1918 peace treaties which during the thirties quickened Europe's diplomatic and political crisis. This twin concern and priority also inhibited England and France from entering into an operative mutual security pact with Moscow, either before or immediately following Munich. The allies thereby denied themselves substantial and credible military support for their diplomacy. If the Western powers, by then including the United States, eventually combined

with the Soviet Union to defeat the Axis, the alliance was in the nature of a momentous but short-lived and precarious political truce in an international civil war that began in 1917 and resumed before the Second World War was over. In this larger perspective, not only Munich but also the Nazi-Soviet pact—both of which have the outward earmarks of classic moves of power politics in a stable international environment—are diplomatic maneuvers in an international civil war, with World War II and the extermination camps the diabolic wages of revolution and counterrevolution in a pre-atomic age.

Today, most spokesmen for the Left opposition as well as the self-styled anti-appeasers prefer not to go into those aspects of Munich and appeasement which stem from the anti-Soviet and anti-Communist texture of inter-war politics and diplomacy. They have good reasons. After all, the one-dimensional lesson of Munich—stand fast, refuse to negotiate, rearm, and prevent war—figured prominently in Washington's justificatory and explanatory rhetoric from 1945 to 1956. Specifically, successive administrations proclaimed that since the nature, dynamics and objectives of Stalin and the Soviet system were analogous to, if not identical with, Hitler and the Nazi system, the only way to contain expansionist Russia and surging Bolshevism in third countries was to stand up to Stalin as the allies should have stood up to Hitler. As of 1948-49 even the ADA, not to speak of allegedly scholarly historians and political scientists, accepted, legitimized, and propagated the cold-war eschatology according to which Nazism and Bolshevism were essentially identical totalitarian systems bent on unlimited expansion by a crude blend of outright military force and externally engineered subversion. It thus became the American consensus that, even though the Marshall Plan contributed substantially to the removal of those economic and social grievances which fed the Communist conspiracy in so many European countries, in the last analysis superweapons and NATO were what kept Stalin's Red hordes from sweeping across the Elbe.

It is thus understandable, if paradoxical, that most of the Establishment critics of President Johnson's Vietnamese policy cling to this time-bound interpretation of the nature and purpose of the Soviet Russian threat, the Communist insurgency and American containment. They seem to be saying that, though Stalinist Russia was blatantly expansionist, militarist and interventionist, Maoist China is launched on an altogether more prudent course; that though European communism was monolithic and Moscow-controlled, Asian communism is polycentric and independent of Peking; that though communism in Greece, France and Italy was an externally fostered conspiracy, communism in Vietnam is an authentically indigenous rebellion; and that though American containment in Europe was defensive, in Asia this containment policy is aggressive. Behind this polyphonic position lurks the questionable assurance that, provided a Communist revolution is indigenous rather than externally instigated and controlled, the United States has not and should not intervene militarily to either thwart or overthrow it.

In actual fact, the confrontation of the so-called

Free World and the so-called Communist World in Europe is so similar in origins, dynamics and purposes to that confrontation in Asia that it is somewhat puzzling that neither the Administration nor its critics have drawn the parallel. For it would seem that, with due allowance for specific dissimilarities, the intervention in Greece is the most striking and meaningful positive analogue to the intervention in Vietnam. Historians are beginning to note that in Greece Stalin played a reticent role, not unlike Mao Tse-tung in Vietnam today; that the Greek guerrillas were thoroughly indigenous, not unlike the Vietcong today; and that Tito, rather than Stalin, most eagerly supported the insurgency from across the border, not unlike Ho Chi Minh rather than Mao today. As for U.S. policy, both then and now Washington at first intervened primarily with sea and sea-borne air power coupled with a military mission, in one case in the wake of British retrenchment, in the other of French retrenchment. After 1945, President Truman and his advisers took advantage of Russia's momentary military and economic incapacity to risk supporting the Greek revolutionaries, just as since the mid-1950s Washington has taken advantage of China's glaring but impermanent weakness. And last, whereas for the benefit of Congress and the public President Truman invoked the so-called domino theory to warn of the disastrous consequences of a Communist breakthrough in Greece for the nearby Middle East, as well as for France and Italy, so today President Johnson invokes the domino theory to warn of the consequences of a Communist breakthrough in Vietnam for nearby Southeast Asia and the developing nations beyond.

Vital official and private archives for the study of the origins of the cold war continue to be inaccessible. Even so, there is sufficient evidence to postulate that, because of Stalin's caution and Tito's backdown, America was spared in Greece a test of the length to which it was prepared to go to defeat revolutionary insurgency. Once the Marshall Plan and NATO were erected on the foundations of the Truman Doctrine, the Greek operation was hailed with the same enthusiasm and rationale with which the American-supported restoration in Western and Central Europe had been celebrated. After the defeat of Henry Wallace, the shift to strident anti-communism by the non-Communist Left and the ravages of McCarthyism, few critics remained to question the assumptions, methods, costs and results of this containment crusade in Europe.

Greece was the only country in which guerrilla forces had to be defeated. Even there, quite apart from the rapid victory, others did the fighting, America's contribution being confined to the offshore fleet, the Van Fleet military mission and money. In the rest of Europe—including "pacified" Greece—American intervention took the form of deliberate and massive economic, technical and military assistance. American divisions were stationed on the Continent, but they never went into action and the Berlin airlift further encouraged the assumption that air power would be decisive in limited as well as in general war.

As for Korea, there the international civil war was fought across rather than within fixed boundaries, so that

even that bloody war failed to show Americans, including liberal Americans, the realities of guerrilla warfare. For quite some time Americans could tell themselves that only the English, the French, the Dutch and the Belgians fought guerrillas in their last-ditch struggle for the preservation of empire. Many Americans, including John F. Kennedy, were outraged by the barbarous methods of counterinsurgency and pacification in overseas territories. Before long, however, these transgressions were legitimized as part of the wages of ordered decolonization from above.

Throughout NATO Europe, except in Greece, the restorative containment of communism, pump primed by American economic aid, paved the way for significant and rapid improvements in per capita income and welfare, with the result that the sources for revolutionary agitation were quickly and effectively undercut. But now that the battlefield of the cold war has shifted away from Europe the question arises whether this containment strategy, so appealing to the anti-Communist Left, will work in pre-modern societies, including Greece, where development is held back or blocked by rapid population growth, adverse terms of trade and, above all, ossified political and social elites. Or will the containment of communism, which has been and continues to be central to America's world project, require interventionist means and methods that will be increasingly difficult to square with the reformist persuasion? The Bay of Pigs, the Cuban missile crisis and the war in Vietnam (as well as the coup in Indonesia?) suggest that the iron fist of counterrevolution is beginning to show through the velvet glove of Point Four and the Alliance for Progress.

Why this crescendo of violence, notably in Vietnam? Notwithstanding an occasional call for a turn to isolationism, America does not seem to be on the verge of resigning its role as the chief architect, carrier and coordinator of anti-communism, a role it has played with consummate skill and unprecedented success ever since 1945. At present, the crisis managers in Washington, who rigidly adhere to the anti-revolutionary assumptions underlying America's world mission and project, are searching for a containment formula that will work in the developing countries, many of which hover on the brink of grave internal disturbances. In this sense, Vietnam is not only an execrable and taxing civil war but also a testing ground for political and military strategies of revolution and counterrevolution.

Particularly when placed in the context of this century's international civil war, whose primary battlefield has shifted to nonmodernized, semi-colonial and ex-colonial countries, the similarities of the Greek and Vietnamese situations are striking. The question arises, therefore, as to why the Greek-Vietnamese analogy has not been enlisted either by the Administration or by its Establishment opposition on the Left.

For the Administration to use it *publicly* would be to give too much away. The analogy would only lend credence to Mao Tse-tung's interpretation of the instrumental and experimental nature of the Vietnamese conflict in America's—as also in China's—project; it would exacerbate Moscow's embarrassment vis-à-vis Peking;

and it would serve notice to a restless black-ghetto population at home that counterrevolutionary forays and wars on poverty in the Third World are likely to enjoy continued precedence over the war on poverty in America.

At the same time, the Greek-Vietnamese analogy presents grave difficulties for liberal-action intellectuals like Schlesinger and Galbraith. From the very start they, too, portrayed the cold war as a battle between light and darkness, insisting that the underlying thrust and ultimate purpose of containment were not only politically libertarian but also economically and socially reformist. With the anti-Communist Left in Europe, they canonized the Marshall Plan. For a while they balked at the galloping military build-up, criticized the rearmament of Germany, and protested the inclusion of Spain in the military system of the Atlantic world. Before long, however, they rationalized such restorative and conservative costs and consequences of containment, whether intended or unintended, by simply moving their vital center farther to the right. In Western and Central Europe, as also in America, Schlesinger and Galbraith increasingly trusted corporate and welfare capitalism to provide the sinews for consensus politics.

Yet not only Greece—as the recent coup demonstrates—but also many of the developing countries lack the political integration, the social cohesion, and the economic sinews to sustain gradual and ordered modernization and reform, even with considerable foreign aid. In particular, throughout the developing world, whenever the Left—whether reformist or revolutionary—threatens or seems to threaten the *status quo*, significant components of the ruling political classes switch from tolerating or cooperating with the Center-Left to praetorian guards which, at a minimum, undertake to uphold order. Not only the local

grandees but also important segments of the entrepreneurial and professional middle classes have good reason to assume that Washington wishes them and the military to err on the side of caution. In fact, the most retrograde elements are so confident that Washington considers them essential backstops to order that they impudently block those ameliorative structural reforms which Washington normally would like to see fostered in exchange for aid.

When historical analogies are used for political purposes, professional and professorial historians have an obligation to correct and qualify them, as they have done with the Munich-Vietnam analogy. But historians who at the same time are critics of power have the additional obligation to raise analogic controversies to a level where they stimulate and enhance meaningful political discourse and debate. The opaque censure of the Johnson Administration's one-dimensional Munich-Vietnam analogy has at best made a marginal contribution to the critical examination and assessment of America's course in Vietnam. The Greek-Vietnamese analogy could conceivably throw a more intense searchlight on the context and implications of the Vietnamese crisis. Though it has not been invoked publicly, perhaps for fear of quickening Congressional and public distrust of the direction and design of America's postwar foreign policy, the Greek-Vietnamese analogy may well have guided the inner circle of the Johnson Administration in setting and maintaining its course in Vietnam.

It is by correcting and criticizing the uses and abuses of history that historians mount that "true vigil at arms" to which Croce summoned them and in which he wisely insisted there was "no use for either narcotics or intoxicants."

ORPHANS OF EMPIRE

A BAD DAY IN COMMONS

RICHARD BLUMENTHAL

Mr. Blumenthal, a frequent Nation contributor, is currently in the London office of Newsweek.

Even so, I beg the government now, at this last minute to drop this miserable, shameful, shabby bill. Let them think, and inquire before they deal another deadly blow at the commonwealth.

London

Seven years have passed since Hugh Gaitskell thundered against the first curbs on immigration, introduced by the Tories to cut down the flow of nonwhite Commonwealth citizens into Britain. But the fiery little leader who steered the Labour Party in opposition might have used the same words with even greater venom last month—and now against his own party. In a mere three and one-half days, the Labour government rammed through Parliament a

new immigration law, directed not against the nonwhites of the Commonwealth countries but against citizens of the United Kingdom itself, mainly 167,000 people of Asian descent now living in Kenya. The law makes no mention of race, merely excluding people whose parents or grandparents were not born in Britain. But the panicky rush to approve the law, smashing solemn promises and raising the specter of mass prejudice, has left Parliament stunned and shaken. For the curbs will create a second class of citizens, free to enter every country but their own, possibly jobless, homeless and stateless.

Though Home Secretary James Callaghan claimed that the government had been preparing the bill for six months, the Tories plainly called Callaghan's hand by playing on spiraling fears of a nonwhite deluge. The Asians, encouraged by the British to come to Kenya to take over skilled jobs and businesses during the colonial era, had been granted British passports at the time of Kenya's independ-

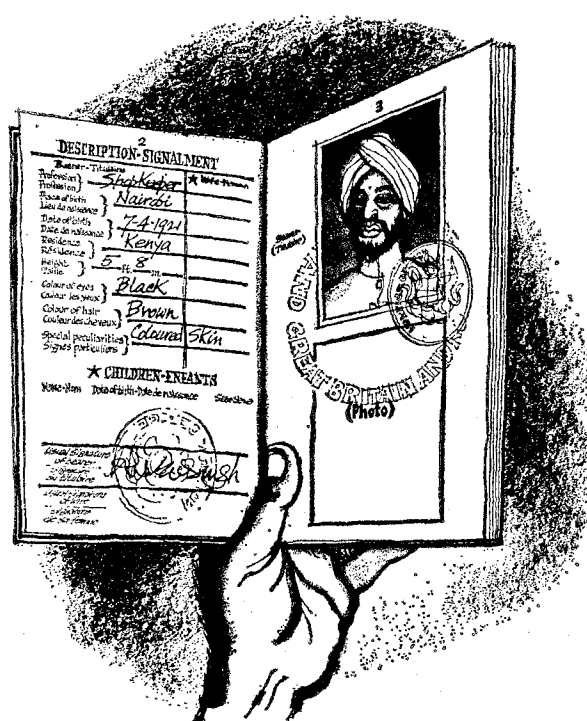
ence in 1963. Now Jomo Kenyatta's policy of "Kenyanization" was forcing them out of jobs and homes. And certain Tories—notably Duncan Sandys, the former Commonwealth Secretary who had actually granted them their citizenship—were urging that Britain seal its borders from the hordes that were bound to flee Kenya. Intent on beating possible curbs, the Asians began streaming into London's Heathrow airport at the rate of 700 a day, thus turning Sandys' warnings into a self-fulfilling prophecy. So Secretary Callaghan rose in Commons, with "regret" naturally, to propose a quota of 1,500, forming an "orderly queue."

Callaghan, far from displaying six months' worth of preparation, then seemed to draft the bill as he went along in debate. As originally introduced, the legislation lacked any provision for an appeals procedure. The Home Secretary, responding to a torrent of criticism, announced that two attorneys would be appointed to oversee the decisions of immigration officers in Kenya. Beyond vague references to "humanitarian needs," he did not recite the criteria these officers would use to choose between applicants. Nor did he settle the question of what would happen to the hapless citizens if they were expelled from Kenya or if, by their own choice, they just planted themselves on Britain's doorstep. "Shall we have refugee camps around the airports?" asked Liberal leader Jeremy Thorpe.

As anxiety mounted on the back benches, causing all sides to demand an increase in the quotas, Callaghan conceded that the number must be "flexible," not "rigid." If a man were "thrown out of work" or "ejected," he said, "we shall have to take him in. We cannot do anything else in those circumstances." But he refused to write any provision for flexibility into the legislation, and the Home Office spent the next morning backtracking from his promise. What Callaghan meant, officials told reporters, was that expelled Asians would be put at the "head of the queue," not necessarily admitted. Clearly, Callaghan wanted to avoid giving Kenyatta the impression that he could fob these refugees off on Britain, even if they were British citizens. The success of the curbs, said Callaghan, would depend on the "civilized behavior of other governments."

Such fumbling, however, never jeopardized the bill's overwhelming support in Commons and the country at large. Between 80 and 90 per cent of the voters, according to most opinion polls, want to cut off all nonwhite immigration. "Coloreds" now comprise 2 per cent of the population, clustered in pockets of poverty and bound by informal discrimination in housing and jobs. There is widespread fear of a Watts-type racial "explosion," weariness of taking on "other people's" burdens, and anxiety for the future of a country now apparently threatened from all sides. No party can afford to favor immigration these days, and the Labourites still recall with horror how they opposed the first Tory Commonwealth Immigration bill in 1962, and as a result nearly lost the 1964 general election.

So Callaghan might faithfully repeat his contention that "it is a wild exaggeration to refer to this legislation as racist . . . the test that is adopted is geographical, not



Punch

"... To Allow the Bearer To Pass Freely
Without Let or Hindrance . . ."

racial." But only Tory home spokesman Quintin Hogg, who aimed to "keep the temperature down," took him seriously. Indeed, the "responsible" argument for the bill assumed not only the racist character of the measure but the existence of widespread race prejudice. "This is clearly a racial problem, a problem of potential racial tension," said Reginald Maudling, another Tory frontbencher. "The problem arises quite simply from the arrival in this country of many people of wholly alien cultures, habits and outlook. . . . Race prejudice is a basic human instinct; one cannot legislate it away but can only legislate to insure that the damage which it does becomes less and less as the years pass." Restricting the flow of immigrants, so the argument went, would allow the country to build schools and housing for them before they arrived, would allow people to overcome fears and insecurity that fed racial prejudice and would thus be in the interests of the immigrants as well as "our own people."

This argument made strange bedfellows. Extreme Left Socialists like Mrs. Renee Short, who has bitterly attacked her own government for deserting Socialist principles, marched into the lobby with staunch reactionaries like Sir Frederick Bennet, who has sympathized with Ian Smith's Rhodesian regime. Among the strongest supporters of the bill on the Labour side were trade union M.P.s like Charles Pannell. "It is often said with some truth that color prejudice is a working-class vice," said Pannell. "It has to be because these people come into working-class places." How many of the Liberals, he asked, had ever lived next to a colored or entertained one in their homes?

On the Conservative side, the real racists mostly stayed off the floor, fearing no doubt that their speeches might be inconvenient for the consciences of supporters, and left

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the argument for the bill to “realists” like Harold Burden: “I have a responsibility to my constituents. This is where it all starts.” While both parties supported the bill, only Labour imposed a full-fledged, three-line whip. There seemed little need for it, since the main vote was a comfortable 372 to 62, and the whip carried no penalties for those who defied it.

Opponents of the bill, like the supporters, came from all over the political spectrum. Some of them, Tories as well as Labourites, argued that Commons must try to fight prejudice, not merely defuse it—or at least avoid enshrining it in a law. “One of the problems of prejudice in this country is that one can never meet an anti-black,” said Ben Whitaker, a young patrician Labourite. “Such people always shelter behind their neighbors. If honorable members are to mirror the lowest common denominator of public prejudice, what is the point of being in this House?” Though the government was promising a Race Relations bill, it was now making prejudice respectable, he said, pandering to the worst instincts of the British voter instead of attempting to bring out the best. The government wildly exaggerated the number of Asians who might enter, and shamefully underestimated Britain's capacity to absorb them. After all, these were not destitute, illiterate peasants; they were skilled and semi-skilled workers, shopkeepers and professionals with precisely the talents and resources that Britain needed.

But most of the opponents, particularly on the Conservative side, felt much more deeply about Britain's honor than they did about the immigrants. Though Duncan Sandys might continue to insist with unshakable guile that “no such pledge was given, either in public or private,” no one could doubt that Britain had promised the Asians free entry. “My right honorable friend may wriggle and squirm as hard as he likes,” said Sir Douglas Glover, the vice chairman of the strongly traditionalist 1922 committee. “What this bill is doing is going back on Britain's pledged word. . . . Let us admit that there is a great deal of racialism in this house, in this country . . . and we shall not get very far by making either a virtue or a sin of it.” “It is not a question of color,” said Norman St. John Stevas, a progressive Tory, “but of honor, and we must each make our own stand on that.” Of all the groups opposing the bill, only the Liberal Party stood united against racialism as the main issue.

Though much of the heart searching and hand wringing rang somewhat false, there were moments of genuine pathos—when the Archbishop of Canterbury, for example,

rose in his streaming white robes before the House of Lords to recall a life's work among the poor, and to proclaim, quietly, that this bill was “very, very wrong indeed.” Or when Lady Gaitskell, the gray-haired widow of the late party leader, noted before the Lords that this bill had “the smell of apartheid about it” and made her feel “a bit alien.” Or Michael Foot, the silver-tongued intellectual leftist, speaking in the musty, near-deserted chamber as dawn fell through the windows at the end of the Wednesday-Thursday all-night debate: “This is the most melancholy day in the history of the House of Commons.”

The turbulent debate, calling forth so much of Britain's fear and insecurity, may count as a prelude to the more turbulent repercussions ahead. The law is bound to wrench, if not rip apart, the Commonwealth. It may not be, as one Indian Congress Party leader suggested, “the last nail in the coffin” of this unique multi-racial institution. But India and Kenya have already begun retaliating, the one by barring its door to Britain's refugee citizens, the other by making the Asians' lives increasingly uncomfortable.

The Commonwealth, so carefully nurtured by Britain as it set its colonies free, was cracking even before this latest bout with racialism. Many British have claimed that this country could continue to play a major world role, in spite of its recent defense reductions, by displaying moral leadership, diplomatic skill and democratic example. But the handling of the Immigration law, whatever the wisdom of breaking the East of Suez commitments, has done little to make credible Britain's moral and diplomatic excellence. The less real hardware power it commands, the more it needs this credibility. As for democracy, the Asians might have easily wished for a good old-fashioned American-style filibuster, an institution designed to prevent the very kind of parliamentary efficiency that the government exploited.

The new law has lowered even further the standing of the present government and the Labour Party at home. The law itself may be popular; but Callaghan's bungling has confirmed the image of a punch-drunk, divided Cabinet, reeling from bouts with the press and lurching helplessly into new measures. When the government introduces its Race Relations bill—still unpublished—it will probably lose many of the friends it gained from the Immigrants bill. The new law has battered party discipline, already eroded by defections of leftist M.P.s in recent votes on cuts in social spending. It has increased friction between Labour Party factions—between the middle-class intellectuals who opposed the bill, and the working-class trade unionists who supported it. And it has all but shattered Labour's claim, or what remained of it, to be the party of principle. In spite of its past measures to protect individual freedom and dignity—reform of laws affecting homosexuality, abortion and capital punishment—this government must now be remembered equally for betraying the rights of nonwhite citizens in Kenya. “The Labour Party is nothing,” Harold Wilson once said, “if it is not a principle.” That leaves Wilson and his party with precious little for the next election.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The National Book Awards

Robert Bly's acceptance speech and act of civil disobedience dominated all other events of the week of the National Book Awards; but even apart from Bly's overpowering contribution, there was a marked difference this year from earlier book industry celebrations.

The day before the awards ceremony at Lincoln Center, in both the morning "Workshop for Book Editors" and in the afternoon symposium "Poetry Now," there were visibly open rents in the smooth fabric the book and culture industry prefers to present in public. The poets (John Ashbery, Robert Creeley, Allen Ginsberg, Ronald Gross, Dick Higgins and Walter Lowenfels) built no palpable bridges to the predominantly tradition-oriented book reviewers and book editors who represented publications of smaller cities and towns across the country. In the case of Allen Ginsberg, a most charitable description of his intent would be to say that he hoped to shake up the middle-class audience with a barrage of four-letter words and outrageous opinions; unfortunately he came off more intellectually arrogant and unpleasant than revolutionary, and far from gaining friends for contemporary poetry, he may have lost a few potential allies.

The afternoon session underlined what had been made apparent in the earlier book editors' discussion: that added to the other dangerous splits which exist in the country, there is an enormous gap between the intellectual and creative community on the one hand and those who claim to express the tastes of the nation's mass audience on the other. The division was almost painfully drawn between editors concerned with reviews which describe a book's ability to afford pleasure for the general reader and those who see the book review as a more responsible, creative and authoritative task. It was interesting that the differences appeared to assume a regional aspect, a tug between East and Midwest/West, perhaps because those arguing for a stronger intellectual base and against the concept of book publication as a commercial event, were representatives of Eastern publications. They were Theodore Solotaroff, formerly of *Commentary* and *Book Week* and now editor of *The New American Review*; Saul Maloff of *Newsweek* and Richard Gilman, recently appointed book editor of *The New Republic*. In his talk, Gilman named those book review sections which he felt em-

braced a responsible approach, listing *The New York Review of Books*, *Commentary*, *The Nation* and *The New Republic*.

In the poetry symposium, the country's two great wounds, the war in Vietnam and black/white relations were somewhat opened up, but it was the acceptance speeches of Jonathan Kozol for *Death At An Early Age* and Robert Bly for *The Light Around the Body* the following evening which effectively denied the

We have some things to be proud of. No one needs to be ashamed of the acts of civil disobedience committed in the tradition of Thoreau. What Dr. Coffin did was magnificent; the fact that Yale University did not do it is what is sad. What Father Berrigan did was noble; the fact that the Catholic Church did not do it is what is sad. What Mitchell Goodman did here last year was needed and in good taste; the fact that the National Book Committee, in trying to honor those who told the truth last year, should have invited as a speaker Vice President Humphrey, famous for his lies, was sad.

Isn't the next step, now that individual people have committed acts of disobedience, for the institutions to take similar acts? What has the book industry done to end the war? Nothing. What have our universities done to end the war? Nothing. What have our museums, like the Metropolitan, done? Nothing. What has my own publisher, Harper & Row, done to help end the war? Nothing. In an age of gross and savage crimes by legal governments, the institutions will have to learn responsibility, learn to take their part in preserving the nation, and take their risk by committing acts of disobedience. The book companies can find ways to act like Thoreau, whom they publish. A publishing house can take space in *The New York Times* to announce that it opposes more men being sent to Vietnam, or to announce that it thinks Dr. Spock and Dr. Coffin are right; it can refuse to pay taxes.

From Robert Bly's acceptance speech, National Book Awards

country cause for cultural self-congratulation.

With the exception of these two books, the other awards were given to distinguished and safe books, *The Eighth Day* by Thornton Wilder; *Memoirs: 1925-1950* by George F. Kennan and *Soren Kierkegaard's Journals and Papers, Vol. 1*, translated by Howard and Edna Hong. The award to William Troy for *Selected Essays* was given posthumously. Troy was for several years a regular fiction reviewer and film critic for *The Nation*.

It was also interesting to note that Jonathan Kozol's acceptance speech echoed a similar insight expressed by June Meyer ("Spokesmen for the Blacks," *The Nation*, December 4, 1967) in her discussion of his study of the destruction of the minds of black children in Boston ghetto schools. He accepted the award "in the names of those many hundreds of Negro kids . . . who have never been allowed to make their voices heard within America," and continued: "It is a part of the crime . . . that with a few notable exceptions black people in this nation have had a hearing only when they were granted the intermediary services of a white person like myself. Reading the reviews and considering the disputations, I sometimes feel that we are almost more interested in the white authors than in the black people that the books are all about."

Kozol said that "for this reason" he wished to redirect the attention of the audience to the issue and that he was giving his \$1,000 prize money to the community leaders within the Boston ghetto. Earlier, he had departed from his prepared speech to associate himself fully with Robert Bly's denunciation of the Vietnamese War.

The most electrifying moment at Lincoln Center came when Bly summoned Mike Kempton (later identified as the son of *New York Post* columnist Murray Kempton) of the Resistance movement and counseled him "not to enter the U.S. Army now under any circumstances." In handing over to Kempton his \$1,000 prize money, Bly asked that it be used "to find and counsel other young men to defy the draft authorities and not destroy their spiritual lives by participating in this war."

There were some boos and hisses, but there was no question that on the heart-breaking issue of the war, dissenters of our official policy had grown from the

hundred or so who had walked out on Vice President Humphrey's appearance at the book awards last year to a majority of the 1,200 people from the book industry who stood and applauded Bly's action this year in Lincoln Center.

In the citation for *The Light Around the Body*, judges Donald Hall, Harvey Shapiro and Theodore Weiss wrote: "If we poets had to choose something that would be for us now our Address on the State of the Nation, it would be this book." Bly, in turn, accepted the award by "speaking for many, many American poets when I ask this question: Since we are murdering a culture in Vietnam at least as fine as our own, do we have the right to congratulate ourselves on our cultural magnificence?"

Bly was born in Madison, Minn., in 1926. He spent two years in the Navy at the end of World War II and was graduated from Harvard College in 1950. He founded his magazine and press in 1958 and operates it with his wife from a farm in western Minnesota. The Sixties Press was the subject of an essay by Paul Zweig ("The American Outsider," November 14, 1966), which described its

pioneering work in introducing to American readers many great European and South American poets. In September of 1967, Mr. Bly refused a \$5,000 grant from the National Foundation on the Arts and Humanities to The Sixties Press, with the statement: "Since the Administration is maiming an entire nation . . . it is insensitive, even indecent, for that Administration to come forward with money for poetry . . . there could be no pride in such an award."

For many years Bly has been an important influence in American poetry, as much through the work of his magazine, *The Sixties*, as through his own poetry. His critical articles, his translations of the German and Spanish poets, his extensive and impressive work in opposing the war through the formation of American Writers Against the Vietnam War, culminating in his splendid action at Lincoln Center, are exemplary for our time.

The Nation is devoting most of this section to new work by Robert Bly and to a review of his book of poetry, the private work on which all the rest is based.

THE EDITORS

On Pablo Neruda

ROBERT BLY

Mr. Bly's essay which follows will appear as the preface to *Twenty Poems of Pablo Neruda*, translated by James Wright and Robert Bly (Sixties Press).

Poets like St. John of the Cross and Juan Ramon Jiménez describe the single light shining at the center of all things. Neruda does not describe that light, and perhaps he does not see it. He describes instead the dense planets orbiting around it. As we open a Neruda book, we suddenly see going around us, in circles, like herds of mad buffaloes or distracted horses, all sorts of created things: balconies, glacial rocks, lost address books, pipe organs, fingernails, notaries public, pumas, tongues of horses, shoes of dead people. His book, *Residencia en Tierra*, (*Living on Earth*—the Spanish title suggests being at home on the earth), contains an astounding variety of earthly things that swim in a sort of murky water. The fifty-six poems in *Residencia I* and *II* were written over a period of ten years—roughly from the time Neruda was 21 until he was 31, and they are the greatest surrealist poems yet written in a Western language. French surrealist poems appear drab and squeaky beside them. The French poets drove themselves by force into the unconscious because they hated establishment academ-

icism and the rationalistic European culture. But Neruda has a gift, comparable to the fortuneteller's gift for living momentarily in the future, for living briefly in what we might call the unconscious present. Aragon and Breton are poets of reason, who occasionally throw themselves backward into the unconscious, but Neruda, like a deep-sea crab, all claws and shell, is able to breathe in the heavy substances that lie beneath the daylight consciousness. He stays on the bottom for hours, and moves around calmly and without hysteria.

The surrealist images in the *Residencia* poems arrange themselves so as to embody curious and cunning ideas. In "La Calle Destruída," for example, he calls up injustice, architecture exploding, massive buildings weighing us down, exhausted religions, horses of pointless European armies—all of these things, he says, are acting so as to eat life for us, to destroy it, to disgust us so we will throw life away like old clothes. The poems give a sense of the ferocity and density of modern life.

Neruda's poetic master in the *Residencia* poems is not a European poet but the American, Walt Whitman. He looked deeply into Whitman. Whitman wrote:

*I see the workings of battle, pestilence,
tyranny, I see martyrs and prisoners,*

*I observe a famine at sea, I observe
the sailors casting lots who shall
be kill'd to preserve the lives of
the rest,*

*I observe the slights and degradations
cast by arrogant persons upon
laborers, the poor, and upon
negroes, and the like . . .*

*I hear bravuras of birds, bustle of
growing wheat, gossip of flames,
clack of sticks cooking my meals,*

*I hear the sound I love, the sound of
the human voice,*

*I hear all sounds running together,
combined, fused or following . . .*

*I hear the violoncello ('tis a young
man's heart's complaint,)*

*Hear the Key'd cornet, it glides quickly
in through my ears,*

*It shakes mad-sweet pangs through my
belly and breast.*

Neruda writes:

I look at ships,

*I look at trees of bone marrow
bristling like mad cats,*

*I look at blood, daggers and women's
stockings,*

And men's hair,

*I look at beds, I look at corridors
where a virgin is sobbing,*

*I look at blankets and organs and
hotels.*

I look at secretive dreams,

*I let the straggling days come in,
and the beginning also, and memories
also,*

*like an eyelid held open hideously
I am watching.*

And then this sound comes:

a red noise of bones,

sticking together of flesh

and legs yellow as wheatheads meeting.

*I am listening among the explosion of
the kisses,*

*I am listening, shaken among breathings
and sobs.*

I am here, watching, listening,

*with half of my soul at sea and half
of my soul on land,*

*and with both halves of my soul I
watch the world.*

*And even if I close my eyes and cover
my heart over entirely*

*I see the monotonous water falling
in big monotonous drops.*

It is like a hurricane of gelatin,

*like a waterfall of sperm and sea
anemones.*

I see a clouded rainbow hurrying.

I see its water moving over my bones.

He shows what it is like, not to be a poet but to be alive. The *Residencia* poems, however, differ from *Song of Myself* in one fundamental way. The *Residencia* poems are weighed down by harshness, despair, loneliness, death, constant anxiety, loss. Whitman also wrote magnificently of the black emotions, but

THE NATION/March 25, 1968

when Neruda in *Residencia* looks at the suicides, the drowning seamen, the blood-stained hair of the murdered girl, the scenes are not lightened by any sense of brotherhood. On the contrary, the animals and people on all sides isolate him still further, pull him down into his own body, where he struggles as though drowning in the stomach and the intestines.

It so happens I am sick of being a man . . .

*I don't want to go on being a root in the dark,
Full of fears, getting larger, shivering in my sleep,
going on down, into the moist guts of the earth,
taking in and thinking, eating every day. . .*

*I don't want so much misery.
I don't want to go on as a root and a tomb,
alone under the ground, a warehouse full of corpses. . .*

Pablo Neruda was born on July 12, 1904, in a small frontier town in southern Chile, the son of a railroad worker. The father was killed in a fall from his train while Neruda was still a boy. He said: "My father is buried in one of the rainiest cemeteries in the world." He described his childhood in Temuco in an essay called "Childhood and Poetry," printed as a preface to his *Collected Poems*. His given name was Nefthali Beltran, and his pseudonym was taken very young, out of admiration of a 19th-century Czech writer.

In 1920, when he was 16, Neruda was sent off to Santiago for high school. His poem "Friends on the Road" is written about those days. He was already composing poems, a poetry of high animal spirits and enthusiasm. At 19, he published a book called *Twenty Poems of Love and One Ode of Desperation*, which is still loved all over South America.

I remember you as you were in that ultimate autumn.

You were a gray beret and the whole being at peace.

In your eyes the fires of the evening dusk were battling,

And the leaves were falling in the waters of your soul.

He said later that "love poems were spouting out all over my body."

Body of a woman, white slopes and white thighs,

You resemble the world in your attitude of surrender.

My body, savage and peasant, undermines you

And makes a son leap in the bottom of the earth.

In the preface to a short novel he wrote

THE NATION/March 25, 1968

at this time, he said: "In my day to day life, I am a tranquil man, the enemy of laws, leaders, and established institutions. I find the middle class odious, and I like the lives of people who are restless and unsatisfied, whether they are artists or criminals."

The governments of South America have a tradition of encouraging young poets by offering them consular posts. When Neruda was 23, he was recognized as a poet, and the Chilean Government gave him a post in the consular service in the Far East. During the next five years, he lived in turn in Burma, Siam, China, Japan and India. Neruda has said that those years were years of great isolation and loneliness. Many of the poems that

appear in the first two books of *Residencia en Tierra* were written during those years.

Neruda came back to South America in 1932, when he was 28 years old. For a while he was consul in Buenos Aires; he met Lorca there, when Lorca came to Argentina on a lecture tour. *Residencia I* was published in 1933. In 1934 he was assigned to Spain.

The Spanish poets had already known his wild poems for several years, and greeted him with admiration and enthusiasm. The house in Madrid where Neruda and his wife Delia lived soon overflowed with poets—Lorca and Miguel Hernandez especially loved to come. *Residencia II* was published in

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Spain in 1935. Lorca, Hernandez and many others published their surrealist poems in Neruda's magazine *Caballo Verde por la Poesía* (Green Horse for Poetry). Spain had been for fifteen years in a great period of poetry, the most fertile for Spanish poetry since the 1500s. This period was brought to an end by the Civil War.

On July 19, 1936, Franco invaded from North Africa. Neruda, overstepping his power as consul, immediately declared Chile on the side of the Spanish Republic. After being retired as consul, he went to Paris, where he raised money for Spanish refugees, helped by Breton and other French poets, and by Vallejo. Neruda's poetry now became seriously political for the first time. Neruda had come to love Spain, living there, and he shared the shock of the Spanish poets, which was essentially the loss of their country to the right wing. The growth of political energy in his poetry was probably inevitable in any case. In *Residencia I* and *II*, the outer world is seen with such clarity, and with such a sense of its suffering, that the later development of political poetry does not come as a surprise. He returned to America in 1940, and served as Chilean consul to Mexico during 1941 and 1942. The poems he had written about the Spanish Civil War were also incorporated into *Residencia*, under the title of *Residencia III*.

In 1944, the workers from Antofagasta, the nitrate mining section of Chile, asked Neruda to run for Senator from their district. He did, and was elected. He now found himself in his country's Senate as Yeats had. He took a keen interest in Chilean politics. Several years later he described in a long poem written to the Venezuelan poet, Miguel Otero Silva, how happy the Senators would have been if he had remained a love poet:

*When I was writing my love poems,
which sprouted out from me
everywhere, and I was dying from
depression,
nomadic, abandoned, gnawing the
alphabet,
they said to me: "What a great man
you are, Theocritus!"
I am not Theocritus: I took hold of life,
and faced her, and kissed her until I
subdued her,
and then I went through the tunnels of
the mines
to see how other men live.
And when I came out, my hands
stained with depression and garbage,
I held up my hands, and showed them
to the generals,
and said, "I do not take responsibility
for this crime."*

*They started to cough, became dis-
gusted, left off saying hello,
gave up calling me Theocritus, and
ended by insulting me
and assigning the entire police force to
arrest me,
because I did not continue to be
occupied exclusively with
metaphysical subjects.*

Neruda's experience as a Senator ended, as he mentions, with his pursuit by the secret police. It came about in this way: In 1948, Gonzalez Videla, a right-wing strong man supported by United States interests, took over as dictator. Six months later Neruda, as Senator, attacked him for violations of the Chilean constitution. Videla responded by charging Neruda with treason. Neruda did not go into voluntary exile, as expected, but attacked Videla once more, and Videla ordered him arrested. Most people assumed he would have been killed if he had been arrested. Neruda went underground; miners and working people, to save his life, passed him from one house to another at night, first in Chile, later in other South American countries. He remained in hiding for some months. Finally he crossed the Andes on horseback, and made it to Mexico; from there he flew out of the continent to Paris. All this time he was working on his new book, which he called *Canto General*; it was finished in February of 1949.

The title suggests a poetry that refuses to confine itself to a specific subject matter or kind of poem. Neruda worked on the book for fourteen years. It is the greatest long poem written on the American continent since *Leaves of Grass*. It is a geological, biological and political history of South America. The book contains 340 poems arranged in fifteen sections. The fertility of imagination is astounding. Not all of the poems, of course, are of equal quality. In some, especially those written while Neruda was being hunted by the Chilean secret police, the anger breaks through the container of the poem.

The book as a whole gives a depressing picture of the relations between the U.S. State Department and South American governments. Neruda's *Canto General* is not a great favorite of U.S. cultural organs dealing with Pan-American relations. North Americans, both in universities and in the USIS, who know Neruda's work often say quite soberly that since Neruda became interested in politics, he has not written a poem of any value.

Neruda went from Paris to Russia for the 150th anniversary celebration of Pushkin's birth, and then back to Mexico, where the first edition of *Canto General* was published in 1950.

When Gonzalez Videla's government

fell, Neruda returned to Chile. Since 1953 he has lived on Isla Negra, a small island off the coast near Santiago: in recent years he also has spent part of his time in Valparaiso.

There was a considerable change in style from the inward, surrealist poems of *Residencia I* and *II* to the narrative, historical poems of *Canto General*. However, the style of his poetry has changed several more times since then. Both the *Residencia* and *Canto General* poems used, for the most part, the long loping line into which he could put so much power. In the middle 1950s he began writing odes using willowy lines only two or three words long. They were *Odas Elementales*, or *Odes to Simple Things*. He wrote an ode to a wrist watch, which Jerome Rothenberg has translated very well, an ode to air, to his socks, to fire, to a watermelon, to painting, to salt. Book after book of these odes came out until he had published 100 or so odes in three or four years. More recently he has embarked on a book of autobiographical poems called *Memorial to Isla Negra*.

At the moment, Neruda entirely dominates South American poetry. I heard a young South American poet complain of Neruda's abundance. He said that whenever a new idea appears in the air, and some younger poet manages to finish a poem on it, Neruda suddenly publishes three volumes! But, he said, "how can we be mad at Pablo? The poems continue to be good—that's the worst part of it!"

In "Childhood and Poetry," Neruda speculates on the origin of his poetry.

"One time, investigating in the backyard of our house in Temuco the tiny objects and minuscule beings of my world, I came upon a hole in one of the boards of the fence. I looked through the hole and saw a landscape like that behind our house, uncared for, and wild. I moved back a few steps, because I sensed vaguely that something was about to happen. All of a sudden a hand appeared—a tiny hand of a boy about my own age. By the time I came close again, the hand was gone, and in its place there was a marvellous white toy sheep.

"The sheep's wool was faded. The wheels had escaped. All of this only made it more authentic. I had never seen such a wonderful sheep. I looked back through the hole but the boy had disappeared. I went into the house and brought out a treasure of my own: a pine cone, opened, full of odor and resin, which I adored. I set it down in the same spot and went off with the sheep.

"I never saw either the hand or the boy again. And I have never again seen a sheep like that either. The toy I lost

finally in a fire. But even now, in 1954, almost fifty years old, whenever I pass a toyshop, I look furtively into the window, but it's no use. They don't make sheep like that any more.

"I have been a lucky man. To feel the intimacy of brothers is a marvellous thing in life. To feel the love of people whom we love is a fire that feeds our life. But to feel the affection that comes

from those whom we do not know, from those unknown to us, who are watching over our dream and solitude, over our dangers and our weaknesses—that is something still greater and more beautiful because it widens out the boundaries of our being, and unites all living things.

"That exchange brought home to me for the first time a precious idea: that all of humanity is somehow together. That

experience came to me again much later; this time it stood out strikingly against a background of trouble and persecution.

"I never dreamed in my childhood that by giving something resiny, earth-like, and fragrant, I had entered into the brotherhood of humanity. But just as I once left the pine cone by the fence, I have since left my words on the door

LIES

*Excellent Roman knives
slip along the ribs.*

*A stronger man starts to jerk
up the strip of flesh*

*Do you actually believe
in the Father, the Son,
and the Holy Ghost?*

A long scream unrolls.

More.

*From the political point of view,
Democratic institutions
are being built, wouldn't you agree?*

*A green parrot shudders
under the fingernails.*

*Blood jumps
in the pocket.*

The scream lashes like a tail.

"Let us not be deterred from our duty by the voices of. . ."

*The whines of the jets
pierce like a long needle.*

*As soon as Rusk finishes his press conference,
black wings carry off the words, bits of flesh
still clinging to them; somewhere
in Montana near Hemingway's grave,
they are chewed by timid hyenas.*

• • •

*Lie after lie starts out into the prairie grass,
like lines of Conestogas going West*

*And a long desire for death
flows out, guiding
the enormous caravans from beneath,
stringing together the vague and foolish words.*

*It is a desire to eat death,
to gobble it down,
to rush on it like a cobra with mouth open*

*To take death inside,
to feel it burning inside, pushing*

*out velvety hairs,
like a clothes brush in the intestines*

This is the thrill that leads Johnson on to lie

*Your life finally significant,
prophesied by Isaiah
feeling it deep inside
your warm guts surrounding it*

*Now the President lies about the date
the Appalachian Mountains rose*

*He lies about the population of Chicago,
about the weight of the adult eagle,
about the acreage of the Everglades,*

*He lies about the composition of the amniotic fluid,
about which city is the capital of Wyoming*

*He lies about the birthplace of Attila the Hun,
about the number of fish taken every year in the Arctic
He denies that Luther was ever a German
and insists that only the Protestants sold indulgences,
That Pope Leo X wanted to reform the church
but the liberal elements prevented him,*

*That the Peasants' War was fomented by Italians
from the North*

And Rusk lies about the time the sun sets.

• • •

*This is only the deep longing for death
the longing that someone will come and lead you by the hand
to where they all are sleeping,
Where the Egyptian Pharaohs are asleep,
and your own mother
and all those disappeared children, who went around
with you in a swing in grade school—*

*Do not be angry at Johnson—he is longing to take
in his hand
the locks of death hair*

*And to meet his children sleeping,
his own children,
sleeping and unborn*

He is drifting sideways toward the dusty places

ROBERT BLY

of so many people who were unknown to me, people in prison, or hunted, or alone.

"That is the great lesson I learned in my childhood, in the backyard of a lonely house. Maybe it was nothing but a game two boys played who didn't know each other and wanted to pass to the other some good things of life. Yet this small and mysterious exchange of gifts has perhaps remained inside me, like a sedimentary deposit, bringing my poems to life."

This curious and beautiful story, which Neruda carefully links to the origins of his own poetry, is a conscious rejection of the connection between poetry and sickness, so often insisted on by Europeans. What is most startling about Neruda, I think, when we compare him to Eliot or Dylan Thomas or Pound, is the great affection that accompanies his imagination. Neruda read his poetry for the first time in the United States in June of '66 at the Poetry Center in New York, and it was clear from that reading that his poetry is intended as a gift. When Eliot gave a reading, one had the feeling that the reading was a cultural experience, and that Eliot doubted very much if you were worth the trouble, but he'd try anyway. When Dylan Thomas read, one had the sense that he was about to perform some magical and fantastic act, perhaps painting a Virgin while riding on three white horses, and maybe you would benefit from this act, and maybe you wouldn't. Pound used to scold the audience for not understanding what he did. When Neruda reads, the mood in the room is one of affection between the audience and himself.

We tend to associate the modern imagination with the jerky imagination, which starts forward, stops, turns around, switches from subject to subject. In Neruda's poems, the imagination drives forward, joining the entire poem in a rising flow of imaginative energy. In the underworld of the consciousness, in the thickets where Freud, standing a short distance off, pointed out incest bushes, murder trees, half-buried primitive altars and unburied bodies, Neruda's imagination moves with utter assurance, sweeping from one spot to another almost magically. The starved emotional lives of notaries public he links to the whiteness of flour, sexual desire to the shape of shoes, death to the barking sound where there is no dog. His imagination sees the hidden connections between conscious and unconscious substances with such assurance that he hardly bothers with metaphors—he links them by tying their hidden tails. He is a new kind of creature moving about under the surface of everything. Moving under

the earth, he knows everything from the bottom up (which is the right way to learn the nature of a thing) and therefore is never at a loss for its name. Compared to him, most American poets resemble blind men moving gingerly along the ground from tree to tree, from house to house, feeling each thing for a long time, and then calling out "House!" when we already know it is a house.

Neruda has confidence in what is hidden. The establishment respects only what the light has fallen on, but Neruda likes the unlit just as well. He writes of small typists without scorn, and of the souls of huge, sleeping snakes.

He violates the rules for behavior set up by the wise. The conventionally wise assure us that to a surrealist the outer world has no reality—only his inner flow of images is real. Neruda's work demolishes this banality. Neruda's poetry

is deeply surrealist, and yet entities of the outer world like the United Fruit Company have greater force in his poems than in those of any strictly "outward" poet alive. Once a poet takes a political stand, the wise assure us that he will cease writing good poetry. Neruda became a Communist in the middle of his life and has remained one: at least half of his greatest work, one must admit, was written after that time. He has written great poetry at all times of his life.

Finally, many critics in the United States insist that the poem must be hard-bitten, impersonal and rational, lest it lack sophistication. Neruda is wildly romantic, and more sophisticated than Hulme or Pound could dream of being. He has few literary theories. Like Vallejo, Neruda wishes to help humanity, and tells the truth for that reason.

A Sadness for America

THE LIGHT AROUND THE BODY.
By Robert Bly. Harper & Row. 62 pp.
\$3.95.

PAUL ZWEIG

Mr. Zweig is a poet who teaches at Columbia University.

Robert Bly's imagination is like a light moving around a central wick. The title of his book describes it well: the light around the body; a darting, flickering illumination, extending the private energies of the body into a circle of images. His poems do not assume the form of an argument, or an ongoing parable. They return to the inward spring of the body and move away again, line by line, until slowly the shape of the poem has emerged. "Those Being Eaten by America," moves in this way from image to image, as if each were somehow beginning the poem again. It ends:

Ministers who dive headfirst into the
earth

The pale flesh

Spreading guiltily into new literatures

That is why these poems are so sad

The long dead running over the fields

The mass sinking down

The light in children's faces fading at
six or seven

The world will soon break up into
small colonies of the saved

The ministers and the long dead and the fading light are groping toward a clarity which comes in the last line: "The world will soon break up into small colonies of the saved." The

moments of the poem need this sudden shift of understanding. Not the accumulated sorrows and images of the poem but now, suddenly, the clear-sighted thought which a man comes upon only when he has lived with the sorrows for a long time.

There are many such lines in *The Light Around the Body*. They have a prophetic ring, inviting the reader to shape the poem into a meditation:

Come with me into those things that
have felt this despair for so long

This indeed is Robert Bly's invitation in *The Light Around the Body*. It is lonely, but unhesitating. Above all it is filled with a sense of betrayal. Robert Bly must have loved the places and the names of America very deeply to have been so powerfully stirred by the terror in the land: the tires he evokes, howling on thruways; the ghost train in the Rockies loaded with Indian blood; the generals in Washington who peddle their splinters of black light from country to country, teaching "the children of ritual to overcome their longing for life."

Bly takes us with him into these things. The overpowering sadness in his book is not a closed anxiety. Paradoxically, the voice in the poems is essentially a happy one, healthy enough to say "come with me." We are being invited to look at the real despair of a country where

Bishops rush about crying, There is no
war,
And bombs fall,
Leaving a dust on the birch trees.

It is a peaceful country:

THE NATION/March 25, 1968

*We drive between lakes just turning
green;
Late June. The white turkeys have
been moved
To new grass.*

And yet the peace turns out to be a mistake. For we have mislaid our suffering. We have somehow gotten turned around the wrong way. We are gay, and yet dangerous to others. Therefore:

*Our own gaiety
Will end up
In Asia, and in your cup you will look
down
And see
Black Starfighters.
We were the ones we intended to bomb!*

There are a number of epigraphs in *The Light Around the Body*, heading the separate sections of the volume; and one of them, taken from Jacob Boehme, describes very well the unique quality of Robert Bly's poetry:

*So then I found in all things good
and evil, love and wrath, in creatures
of reason as well as in wood, in stone,
in earth, in the elements, in men and
animals. Withal, I considered the little
spark "man" and what might be es-
teemed to be by God in comparison
with this great work of heaven and
earth.*

*In consequence I grew very melan-
choly, and what is written, though I
knew it well, could not console me.*

There is a playfulness and an excitement in the poems; a gift of praise, enlivening those "things" into which we are being taken. Without the praise, the melancholy would be pale; it would be ungenerous. The danger is real because Bly knows how precious are those things which the "spark" of man destroys:

*The grave moves forward from its
ambush,*

*Moving over hills on black feet,
Living off the country,
Leaving dogs and sheep murdered
where it slept;
Some shining thing, inside, that has
served us well*

*Shakes its bamboo bars—
It may be gone before we wake . . .*

Whatever it is, enclosed in the bamboo cage, it may be gone before we gain our senses. The grave moves quickly, and we move slowly. Just as the grave carried by American planes speeds around the world; while we, the plane makers, move slowly. Until we discover that the cage inside us, the inward place, is empty. "We are the ones we intended to bomb."

It is this ability to move between the inward and the outward emotion that makes Robert Bly one of the finest

political poets in America. The middle section of *The Light Around the Body* is entitled "The Vietnam War," and it contains a number of sobering, wryly humorous poems, like this one entitled "Counting Small-Boned Bodies":

Let's count the bodies over again.

*If we could only make the bodies
smaller,
The size of skulls,
We could make a whole plain white
with skulls in the moon-light!*

*If we could only make the bodies
smaller,
Maybe we could get
A whole year's kill in front of us on a
desk!*

*If we could only make the bodies
smaller,
We could fit
A body into a finger-ring, for a keep-
sake forever.*

The words repeat themselves, until bodies seem to turn into money, and the money into little souvenirs, like the ears harvested for trophies from the dead bodies of the "enemy" in Vietnam. The poem lets us in on a ghastly practical joke. In his office an executive is acting out his name, "executing" the rebellious lives in those bodies, while he dreams of gathering his kill in small, clean heaps on his desk, purified of suffering, as far from the broken lives and villages as the pilot in a B-52 bomber, 6 miles higher than the clouds.

The sadness in *The Light Around the Body* is a sadness for America. The book quietly, but firmly, translates the inward mystery and melancholy of which Boehme speaks, into an expansive public language.

To be sure, not all the poems in Bly's volume sustain this clear language. There is a tendency in some poems to evoke a cast of "accountants," "bankers," "executives," "dentists," who float heavily across the scene, without ever really emerging. They are negative characters, and often boring.

There is another fault which tends to limit the impact of some poems. At times the spiritual moment of which Bly writes has been so entirely transposed into fantasy, that one misses the enveloping shape of the human. The poem "Suddenly Turning Away" is about a crisis of love between people. It begins:

*Someone comes near, the jaw
Tightens, bullheads bite
The snow, moments of intimacy waved
away,
Half-evolved antennas of the sea snail
Sink to the ground.*

Missing here is the simple gesture, the familiar situation which must encircle

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and anchor the fantasy. By taking us so far inward, Bly has paradoxically left us outside. He has kept the secret of suddenly turning away.

These faults mark a danger in Bly's imagination. But they are only minor blemishes in a book as richly and as variously sustained as is *The Light Around the Body*.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Edward Albee's most recent play (given at the Studio Arena Theatre in Buffalo and there till March 30) is a work in progress. It is that in several senses: the play was written as two separate short plays, one called *Box*, the other *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung*, but at present they are being played "enmeshed," which I believe is the right way to do them. When I speak of "work in progress" I allude also not only to slight amendments, chiefly cuts, that are still being made in the text but also to the fact that the play reveals Albee in search of new methods and forms.

There is a hint of Beckett in the play but its tone is entirely Albee's. It begins with the sound of an invisible woman's voice as the audience looks into the interior of a large cube which fills most of the stage space. Following her monologue the stage lights are dimmed and there emerges the outline of a boat deck in which, at different points on the stage, are an old woman in bedraggled clothes, an elegant lady of the moderately wealthy

Harold Clurman has received the first Sang Prize for Critics of the Fine Arts, presented by Knox College, Galesburg, Ill. The award carries a \$5,000 stipend. Among those receiving special mention in the competition was Julius Novick, also honored for his *Nation* theatre criticism.

class, a somnolent minister—the latter two sitting on deck chairs—and the figure of Mao Tse-tung who circles about the stage and around the audience whom he directly addresses.

The invisible woman speaks the entire text of the play initially called *Box*, her most significant phrases being intermittently repeated during the independent section originally entitled *Quotations from Mao Tse-tung*. The solo voice is thus both a choral comment and in itself a declaration, a slow, quiet rumination. Its writing reminds me of the author's own subdued, hesitant and occasionally cryptic manner. The voice speaks dispassionately but somewhat mournfully of a "box" as a place to which one may retire and think freely, privately formulating one's innermost reflections. It dwells on the deterioration of the arts into crafts, on the moral apathy of our day, on the past when music was the expression of purity, but above all and most movingly on the waste of substance and lives—the dumping of milk, the killing of children—the total corruption of the times. It is the little things, the small cracks, as well as the glaring horrors, the woman's voice submits, that disclose the general decay. Now the very existence of art—when it is art and not mere craft—hurts. Overhead, a black net of birds rushes by and there is "just one, moving beneath, in the opposite way," the one being emblematic of those precious few among us who refuse to fly toward universal disaster.

These are the play's key themes structured into a polyphonic chamber work, bits of which keep sounding during the play's later "movements." Though still abstract, what follows the introduction contains a "narrative." The wealthy lady on the main deck who has been reading Trollope or James or Hardy tells the mute minister of her 40-year-old husband's death, of her brash and indifferent daughter, of her attempt at suicide by jumping off the boat, and the other passengers' suspicion that she may try to do it again. Her account is a graph of the emptiness and futility of the middle-class world. Will she really kill herself? "Good heavens, no; I have nothing to die for," she answers.

As counterpoint to this the destitute old lady tells of abandonment by her

children in doggerel. ("So they have shirked and slighted me, and shifted me about. . . . So they have well-nigh soured me, an' wore my old heart out.") Her complaint is broken by long pauses during which Mao, in measured, sweetly reasonable discourse, enunciates the plausible Marxist-Leninist doctrine of the inevitability and desirability of world revolution spiced with von Clausewitz's famous dictum, "War is the extension of politics by other means."

In short, we are confronted with banality on three levels: the despair of the middle class, the heartbreak of the dispossessed, the rote of the professional insurgent. The representative of religion is mildly perturbed but for the most part sleeps the sleep of the just. It is the ultimate indignity, the woman's voice from the "box" asserts again, when we cannot listen to music any more because it makes us cry and "nothing belongs."

The message is not "new" but in this reading (and especially in retrospect) it acquires a poignancy all its own. It may puzzle at first but it becomes ever more telling as the play proceeds. It disturbs without clamor and yet it is somehow reassuring because along with the ominous black net of birds there remains "just one, moving beneath, in the opposite way." Perhaps the future will tell us more about that particular "one" than the contrariness of its direction.

The play will surely bore many theatre-goers, though further abbreviation may help to mitigate this effect. Thinking of such a reaction reminded me of Bacon's aphorism, "There is no excellent beauty that has not some strangeness in the proportion." There is a melancholy beauty in this play and genuine feeling without tears. The play convinces me that we have in Albee a dramatist who is still growing. *Box-Mao-Box* is like no other play he has written and like very few others written by anyone else.

At the American Place Theatre on West 46th Street Ed Bullins' *The Electronic Nigger and Others* (the others being two short plays called *A Son, Come Home* and *Clara's Ole Man*) is the work of a young writer of whom it can be said without condescension that he is promising because he performs. The mark of his promise is the diversity of his attack, subject matter and style.

The first and least satisfactory of the trio is a sketch composed of "impressionist" fragments to suggest the unhappy background of a young poet who on his return to his birthplace and mother recalls the painful stages of his emergence into conscious maturity. There is some juggling with time sequences and no embarrassing stress on the plight of the developing artist, but on the whole this opening piece must be set down as

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a prologue, with perhaps more biographical interest than intrinsic value, to the two "panels" that follow.

The first of these, *The Electronic Nigger*, is a sharply funny satirical farce in which the two main characters, like Bullins himself, are Negroes, but the play is not *about* Negroes. It deals with modern schools and schooling, with "computerized" thinking and teaching, with the force, attraction and horror of mechanized education. It is, if you will, a parody on "McLuhanism" not as a theory but as a symptom.

A neophyte college teacher on his first day as instructor in creative writing opens his class by introducing himself and diffidently explaining the intention of his course. A late arrival enters and with casuistic and irrepressible officiousness begins to question every bit of the pedagogic procedure. He disapproves of both the conduct and the idea of the course. He is, he asserts, a "sociological-data-research-analysis-technician-expert," in the name of which he challenges every word uttered on the ground of semantic imprecision. He speaks with machine-gun velocity and projectile power.

The young teacher, failing to halt the bullet-hard hail of apostrophes by polite objection, finally loses his head, pleads and screams: "I was fed on Faulkner, I cut my teeth on Hemingway," to no avail. He gives up in despair, dismisses the class and leaves to be soothed by the ministrations of one of his sympathetic girl students. Other students, fascinated by the streamlined and brazen self-assurance of the "new man," gather round him and will soon become his slavish disciples. The "humanist" teacher has been defeated. The imbecile of "science" triumphs.

The evening's third item, *Clara's Ole Man*, is a naturalistic picture of a poor black family in which the conditions of thousands upon thousands of similarly wretched households is mercilessly exposed.

There are a spastic illegitimate child, a ruthlessly cynical and grotesquely oversized Lesbian who blames her unsightly physique as well as her state of mind on education by "Christians." Also present are Clara, under thrall to the older woman (her "ole man") and Clara's well-spoken, relatively educated suitor, a postal employee. Three hoodlums enter, their viciousness being viewed with equanimity, even some satisfaction by the big female. A woman neighbor, a drug addict, also intrudes on the scene briefly. The young man invited on his first visit by Clara, hoping for a decent husband, escapes the premises in disgust and terror only to be beaten up by the hoodlums for his presumed uppityness.

There is neither a pulling of punches

nor moralizing in this group portrait. There is no Negro or race "question" in it, no plea, pathos, apology or call for a "solution." Some members of the audience found comedy in the human havoc presented—at least they laughed in gleeful accord with its unabashed savagery. The play's effect is shattering and silenc-

ing because it never once tries to trade upon the sense of pity. It also avoids the unpleasant shock of certain plays in which the audience is supposed to appreciate the skill and daring with which ugliness has been depicted. The acting throughout the last two plays is excellent.

FILMS / Robert Hatch

There is clearly a "new wave" in the British cinema, if by that is meant a readily detectable style and some homogeneity of preoccupation. As a term of excellence, however, the phrase cannot be so confidently applied. There is not much force to this wave; it is more gaudy foam than torrent of energy. Ever since the Beatles emerged as a substitute for the lost empire, the English have been on a youth kick, celebrating the exploits of lower-class cubs or attributing cubbish aspirations to characters old enough to feel the strain. And they have been dressing these small tales in Carnaby psychedelia, a commercialized exploitation of hippie revolt. It is stylish enough, all acrylic color, rocking beat and hallucinated interpolation, but it looks like a style generated in the box office and not behind the camera. The British seem more intent on making a pot than a point, and their amiable ripple must be vulnerable to the first fickle breeze. That may be why the pictures seem to work so hard to put their little sensations across.

Thus, *Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush*. A nice grammar-school boy, his father a decent shopkeeper, his mother taking an extension course in the 19th-century novelists, itches to cohabit with at least one of his mini-skirted contemporaries before going off to a red brick university. He would prefer to cohabit with *all* of them, but one—any one—will do for a start. He makes it, this attractive scamp, after variously humiliating mishaps, and then, oh irony, finds himself becoming possessive about the hussy of his predatory ambitions. Next time, he will pick a girl who can cook his kippers as well as tickle his fancy.

That's nice enough, but it's also familiar enough, and when it is tricked out with several rock bands, some voyeur sex shots, a little *à la mode* satire and a quantity of stroboscopic dream sequences, the freight seems excessive for such youthful fumbings. The brasses should be muted for recording the acne of the soul.

About the matter of dreams: many pic-

tures are featuring them these days; they give a chance for asymmetric optical effects, with delusions of costume. But, as in *Mulberry Bush*, there is often a trick to this trick, in that the dubiously licit reveries of the audience are also being massaged. It is one thing to make visual the boy's images of himself as an erotic despot, but something else to stage a midnight orgy (how was it arranged?) in the showroom of a bedding concern. The picture also postulates a night away from home when not only the girl but her parents as well become lecherously drunk and pursue one another and a bewildered German *au pair* girl through the corridors; and it is at a sun-drenched, permissive Botel (there is sailing) of sybaritic austerity that the neophyte finally gets himself thoroughly seduced

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by a cool, amused practitioner. These are not his dreams; they are intended as our dreams. Everyone, it is true, has his mulberry bush, and age doesn't necessarily wither it; there comes a time, however, when such exuberant fruit begins to taste waxy.

I once knew a woman who, when she felt the conversation to be sagging, would turn to her son with, "Say something amusing, George." He was a fairly witty fellow, but never on those occasions. Something of the sort has been happening to Dudley Moore—in his recent screen appearances—earlier in the year with Peter Cook in *Bedazzled* and now on his own in *30 Is A Dangerous Age, Cynthia*. Moore has certain attributes for comedy: a repertory of humorous accents, a reliable falsetto, fluent parodies on the piano, an ability to look resolutely muddled. He is also short, a characteristic he accentuates, as did Harry Langdon forty years ago, with voluminous and bagging trousers.

A plot for Dudley Moore takes these risible possibilities and hangs them like washing on the line; it instructs him to do his funny routine. In the present instance, a man three months short of his 30th birthday determines to become married and to write a successful musical comedy before he reaches that watershed age. As the film opens he has yet to take a first step toward consummating either of these projects, and no one needs to be told that he will exercise his special gifts to bring them off in a whirl of guileless confusion.

Mr. Moore's young man is somewhat visionary, and a considerable portion of the picture is devoted to his waking

dreams, in which appear a wealth of pretty girls in bridal garb. He himself is seen as Beethoven and Bach and Mozart and Handel, and I saw no reason why he should not have appeared also as Wagner, Verdi, Sibelius and George Gershwin since repetition is never thought a weakness in this picture, and since it is only a question of running up a wig and a proper suit of clothes for each impersonation.

That seems to me the trouble with this unassuming, good-natured picture—it depends too much on wigs, not enough on wit: there is no structure of comedy beneath the funny turns. The energy is prodigious but not the invention: for example, Moore's musical, when at last it opens, offers nothing but pandemonium in the balcony and a blank on the stage. It would be wrong to say that the movie is without laughs—they come, but they come reluctantly, and from the belly. One chuckles at least in part from remembering how very droll Moore was in *Beyond the Fringe*. That early vehicle has been worth a fortune to him, as to Cook, but it won't run forever without gas.

ART

MAX KOZLOFF

Chrysalis and scythe, the open-eye camouflage of peacock and moth, hairy antennae and splattered fireworks: these are among the keening images of Lee Krasner's latest paintings at the Marlborough-Gerson Gallery. Or rather, they exist as inferences in her art, even below that threshold of recognition that would give these paintings the status of semi-abstractness. Gesture and form are too masticated to evoke the presence of real subject matter. But emerging shape and gyratory rhythm are keyed into a large sense of animal combat and floral growth. Miss Krasner's hooked, flung commas of paint punctuate larger loping mandibles, or swaying tufts and fronds eccentrically sheared off by each other. One can no longer distinguish between the manual activity of the artist and the magnified flutter of movement in the bush.

Pictorial metaphors this much developed, and paint lashing so loose and yet controlled, do not crop up suddenly full-blown in an artist's vision. For twenty years Lee Krasner had tenaciously pursued some of the options inherent in the style of her husband, Jackson Pollock, and behind him, never so evident as now, the malignant entomology of André Masson, the French Surrealist. But in

place of the zigzags and saw-tooths of the European painter, and the unspooled tracteries of the American, there appeared in her work of the early sixties a smudgier, more crumbled dervish of lines, dots and tones. If it was as "all over" as Pollock's, it was a style more of dovetailing than interlacing, more centrifugal than labyrinthine. Out from multiple centers that seemed to funnel across the surface there churned ragged shards of light and dark. Though it already conveyed the force of a strong personality, this art was embroiled in a number of particularly messy problems.

The major difficulty was the conflict between imagery meant to be perceived in one swoop, and complex, episodic passages that detained and absorbed the glance. This condition might have enriched the overall experience had it not been for an intrusive incoherence in the relation of part to whole, and means to ends. For instance, calligraphy flailed about without committing itself fully either to the role of gesture or contour. And space, for this reason, was indiscriminately buckled, crunched or squeezed, preventing a meaningful reading of depth or shallowness. At her 1962 exhibition at the Howard Wise Gallery, these stresses dominated a series of giant, rather monochrome façades, mostly indistinguishable from one another. It was a display of monumentalized irresolution.

The current show, scanning five years of revisions, reveals Krasner first to have pulverized (within much smaller formats) her immense gyrations into a webbing of lines squiggled and smeared from the tube; then to have attacked the problem of color by scraping strong hues into the surrounds as well as assigning them to the handwriting. At first very harmonic, for instance dark cobalt against olive white, this color began to move out into fresher, more surprising combinations for which the precedent is not Pollock but Matisse. Subtle forms of beige and ivory on the unprimed canvas may at any moment counterpoint markings of alizarin, permanent green and cadmium yellow, as in "Pollination," 1968. To the excitement of these contrasts, simultaneously raw and understated, is added the tension of perceiving color as a sharp halo or shadow, rather than as a property or part of the substance of an image. Elsewhere, striations of color are more decorative and synthetic as they splash over goggling forms or are pincer into corners. "Uncial," "Transition" and "The Green Fuse" are all very recent works sprouting quick and knowing variations on the theme of image and ground. They signify that the burgeoning of a mature art has resulted in an incredibly bright and calamitous vision as well.

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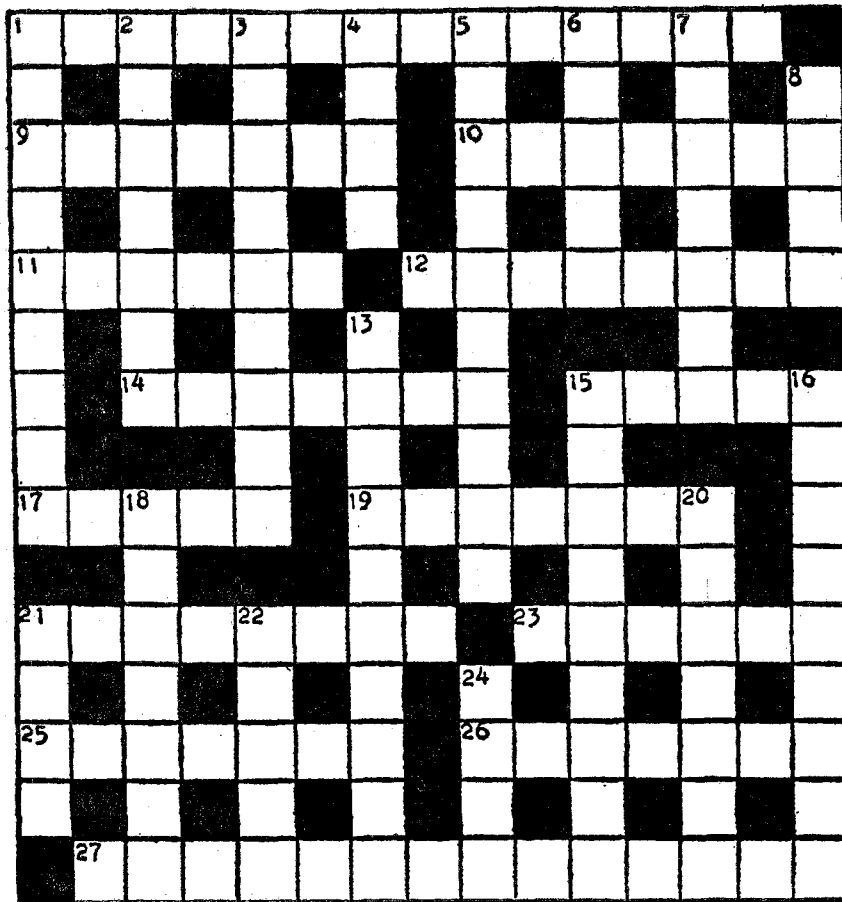
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Crossword Puzzle No. 1242

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 It certainly doesn't imply a very objective legal viewpoint, as the sentence might show. (10,4)
- 9 This probably bothered the vision of a wondrous wise man. (7)
- 10 Concerning the common man, possibly reactionary. (7)
- 11 Smaller pictures, perhaps, of how some court battles are lumped. (6)
- 12 and 15 across At least they might on the late, late show! (You've got something to hang onto, here.) (7,6)
- 14 A bit of an insult an American might think to be in a British cake. (7)
- 17 Earned, as they say about a penny. (5)
- 19 Not straightforward, the rest lie like a mule! (7)
- 21 Severely criticizing in reviews of pictures, "Adult" might! (8)
- 23 and 4 down Certainly not formal neckwear sometimes expected in the service.
- 25 It's the job of the maestro to look over the runway. (7)
- 26 Jail, as well as one who ought to be in jail. (7)
- 27 A sudden inclination to be with such as Mercury? Many an account is enriched with their trips. (4,10)

DOWN:

- 1 Found under pictures of the Skate and the Nautilus, for example. (9)

- 2 More people blow them than rub them.
- 3 Poetic description of New England farmers? (9)
- 5 Spotted when the sporting crowd is in changed environment? (10)
- 6 Don't use the brakes, since there's no danger when it's clear. (5)
- 7 The lady a radical type, hence cut off?
- 8 An early patriot brings nothing to its makeup. (4)
- 13 and 21 down Overtaking a small Pontiac, perhaps, doesn't imply wide shoulders. (7,3,4)
- 15 I'm in a magazine such as this? Life, rather! (9)
- 16 Sweeps by the fire? (9)
- 18 Open gallery operated in the Hindu scripture. (7)
- 20 Copy of a bird, but not an early one.
- 22 Produce a vehicle, perhaps. (5)
- 24 The charms of the West Indies might get around in the orient. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1241

ACROSS: 1 On location; 6 Spar; 10 Running; 11 Tagging; 12 Importer; 13 Steer; 15 Ranch; 17 April fool; 19 Prognosis; 21 Dives; 23 Reefs; 24 Mulberry; 27 Isthmus; 28 Advance; 29 Saps; 30 Protestant.
DOWN: 1 and 25 down Ourselves; 2 Line-man; 3 Chino; 4 Tightwads; 5 Outer; 7 Primer; 8 Regardless; 9 Egg salad; 14 Properties; 16 Handsome; 18 Resultant; 20 One-step; 22 Veranda; 24 Miser; 26 Best.

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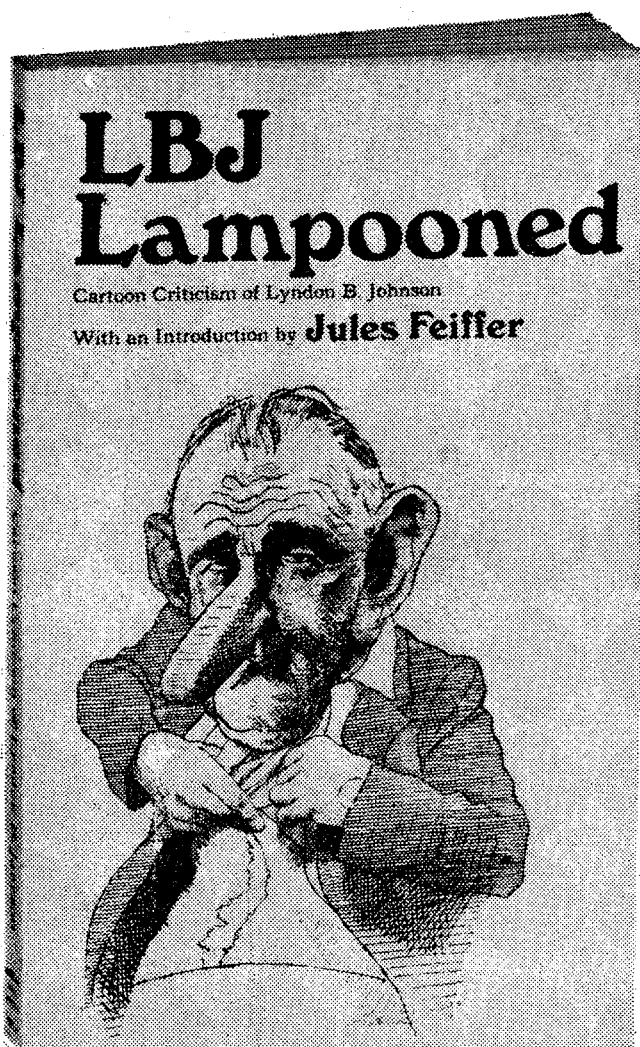
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